

THE NAPANEE

Vol. XXXIV] No 9—JNO. POLLARD, Editor and Publisher.

NAPANEE ONT., CANADA

BEFORE STOCK-TAKING

Having gone through my stock of
Crockery, China and Glassware

and finding it much too large for this season of the year I have decided to put the whole stock on the market

For the Next 60 Days

at a large discount, or in other words, sharing up my profits with my customers, and in Dinner and Tea Sets, of which I have a fine assortment, I will give a special discount in order to clear them out to make room for New Goods arriving in the early part of April.

W. Coxall

We Want

Oats, Peas, Buckwheat, Barley, Rye, Wheat, Corn, Timothy and Clover Seed, Heavy Pork, and Tallow.

We Sell

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Feed, Salt, Tea, Rolled Wheat, Corn Meal, Rolled Oats &c. &c.

We pay the highest market price for what we buy. We sell at the lowest possible price for the quality of the goods we handle.

We do not ask you to buy from us because we buy from you, but if our goods, quality and price considered, are equal to others, we would be pleased to receive your patronage.

The Rathbun Co'y
DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE.

A 30 Days Clearing Sale!

AT....

A. M. Vineberg's

A Genuine Clearing Sale of

Men's Yonth's and Boy's Overcoats, Suits, Pants, Heavy Underwear, Top Shirts, Mitts and Gloves, Socks, Suspenders, Fine Shirts, Neckwear, Cloth and Fur Caps.

This is a grand opportunity to secure a good Overcoat or anything in Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps at greatly Reduced Prices.

A. M. VINEBERG

Notice to Creditors

CREDITORS OF

Ogden Hinch, Jane Hinch,
Thomas Hinch, and
Simpson P. Hinch.

of the Town of Napane, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Merchants, (hereinafter called the debtors), are notified, that under the provisions of Chapter 124 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, the debtors have made an assignment of all property to me the undersigned John Ferguson, of the City of Toronto, Accountant, and the creditors are requested to prove their claims before me on or before the

First day of March, 1895

A Meeting of the said Creditors

will be held on

FRIDAY

the Eighth day of Feb., 1895

at 2.30 o'clock p.m.,

at the Assignee's office, 62 Wellington st.
West Toronto.

for the appointment of inspectors, and giving of directions with reference to the disposal of the estate.

JOHN FERGUSON, Assignee.

Dated this 25th day of January, 1895. 9d

D'EROCHE & MADDEN,

Barristers,

Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.

Office—Grange Block.

Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates

H. M. D'EROCHE, Q. C. 5½ J. H. MADDEN.

HERRINGTON & WARNER,

Barristers, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES

Office—Warner Block, East-st. Napane. 5%

MORDEN & RUTTAN.

Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

Office over Merchant's Bank, Bank of Canada.

Dundas Street, Napane.

A. L. MORDEN, Q. C. G. F. RUTTAN.

County Crown Attorney.

Money to loan at 5, 5½ and 6 per cent.

A. R. DAVIS,

Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

Office with T. G. Davis, Insurance Agent.

Coates Block

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.

Physician, Surgeon, etc.

Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital.

Office—North side of Dundas Street, between West and Robert Streets, Napane. 5½

A. S. ASHLEY,

DENTIST

16 Years in Napane.

34 Years Experience.

Rooms, Albert Block, Napane

DENTISTS

C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.

C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.

Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, and graduate of Toronto University.

OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK,

Visits made to Tamworth the first Monday in each month, remaining over Tuesday.

COUNTY COUNCIL

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

A communication from the Ontario Rifle Association was read asking for a donation towards prize list. The council felt disposed to aid the Association, but the Warden ruled that any sum voted would be a special grant, and therefore illegal.

A request made from the Bureau of Industries, by letter, for a return of all debts and liabilities of the county, of whatever nature, up to 31st day of December last. The treasurer was instructed to make out the report.

ACCOUNTS.

Napane Express, rolls, etc., \$135.00; Gibbard Furniture Co'y, \$12.95; Beaver, \$18.50; W. G. Wilson, \$18.05; Irvine Parks, postage, etc., \$8.60.

Mr. Carscallen presented the first report of County Property Committee, recommending payment of accounts submitted.

Mr. Filson presented first report of Road and Bridge Committee recommending no action with regard to the Good Roads Association, and that the application from the county of Grey re railway crossings be endorsed, and this council sign the petition to the legislature.

A grant of \$400 to the poor schools in the back country was recommended.

An inquiry as to where the money were elicited the fact that a large number of schools in the rear of the county were dependent upon this grant, and the amount given by the legislature, which is \$800.

Mr. Sills presented first report of Education and Printing Committee.

Further consideration of the reports was deferred, as a large deputation was in attendance to interview the council on the question of establishing a poor house for the county.

On motion it was resolved that the deputation be heard.

Among those who addressed the council and urged the establishment of some place to take care of the aged and infirm poor, were the following: the Mayor, Police Magistrate Daly, Rev. McDiarmid, Rev. A. Jarvis, W. S. Herrington, Mrs. Grange and A. R. Davis.

The deputation impressed upon the council in feeling and appropriate terms the moral necessity of establishing some place of refuge for the sick, infirm, poor people of the county.

After the deputation had withdrawn business was resumed by considering the grant to poor schools. Some councillors thought a grant of \$300 should be made, while others were in favor of a grant of \$400. On motion a grant of \$400 was made.

Mr. Oliver presented the first report of the Finance Committee.

Moved by Thos. Symington and B. E. Aysworth that the Legislature of Ontario be memorialized to appoint auditors, being duly qualified and certified accountants

Mr. Symington said in support of the motion, that this method would insure audit that could be sworn to, and would probably cost no more than at Detroit. The idea was a new one, and brought forth so that it might be over. Counties might be given efficient men appointed for the saving expense while ensuring efficiency.

On motion the warden of last the Chairman of the Finance Committee were ordered a day's pay and mileage attending to debenture sale.

FRIDAY MORNING.

An invitation was sent to the Warden A. R. Davis, and read by the clerk to the council, to be present on the market square at 1.30 o'clock to see a simple test of a method for taking levels, which could be used by any farmer.

On motion the invitation was accepted. Moved by I. F. Aylesworth and Amey that the council go into a committee of the whole to read a by law to repeal by-laws Nos. 60 and 189. Carried.

Council went into committee of the whole, with I. F. Aylesworth in the chair.

Moved by Chalmers and Shier that the

The Wonderful Cheap Clothier.
Henry Block, Dundas Street, Napanee.

Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE,

Eastern Standard Time.

No. 9.

Taking effect October 8th, 1893

Tweed and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto to Tweed and Napanee and Tamworth to Tweed.

Deseronto.

Stations.

Miles

No. 2 No. 4 No. 6

A.M. P.M. P.M.

Live Tweed 0 7:00 3:00

Stoco 3 7:08 3:10

Larkins 7 7:00 3:25

Macbank 13 7:30 3:49

Erinville 17 7:50 3:55

Tamworth 20 8:00 2:10 4:10

Wilson 24 4:10

Fairview 26 8:18 2:30 4:30

Midlake Bridge* 28 4:30

Moscow 31 8:30 2:35 4:43

Galtbrath* 33 4:43

Arr York 35 8:43 2:50 4:55

Yarker 35 9:00 2:50 5:10

Camden East 39 9:13 3:02 5:23

T. Johnson's Mills 40 9:18 5:23

Newburgh 41 9:23 3:15 5:30

Napanee Mills 43 9:33 3:25 5:40

Arr Napanee 49 9:50 3:40 5:55

Live Napanee 49 5:55

Deseronto Junction 54 6:30

Arr Deseronto 58 6:45

Deseronto.

Stations.

Miles

No. 2 No. 4 No. 6

A.M. P.M. P.M.

Live Kingston 0 6:45 3:30

G. T. R. Junction 2 6:55 3:40

Glenvalie* 10 7:17 4:00

Marylebone 17 7:27 4:18

Arr Harrowsmith 19 7:46 4:30

Live St. Stephen 23 8:00 4:30

Harrowsmith and Frontenac* 19 8:20 4:30

Arr Yarker 22 8:32 4:42

Live Yarker 26 8:40 4:50

Camden East 30 9:13 3:02 5:23

The Son's Mills* 31 9:18 5:23

Newburgh 32 9:23 3:15 5:30

Napanee Mills 34 9:33 3:25 5:40

Arr Napanee 40 9:50 3:40 5:55

Live Napanee, West End 40 5:55

Deseronto Junction 45 6:30

Arr Deseronto 49 6:45

Deseronto.

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Live Deseronto 0 7:00 3:30

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Arr Napanee 9 7:35 3:40

Live Napanee 15 7:50 12:00 4:25

Napanee Mills 15 8:15 12:15 4:35

Newburgh 17 8:15 12:23 4:42

T. Johnson's Mills* 18 8:20 12:30 4:50

Camden East 19 8:25 12:30 4:50

Frontenac* 22 8:32 4:42

Arr Yarker 26 8:40 4:50

Live Yarker 29 8:50 5:15

Frontenac* 27 9:00 5:22

Arr Harrowsmith 30 9:05 5:35

Sydenham 34 5:50

Live Harrowsmith 36 9:05 5:50

Murvale* 35 9:17 5:55

Glenvalie* 39 5:55

G. T. R. Junction 47 9:50 5:55

Arr Kingston 49 10:00 5:55

Kingston.

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EE EXPRESS.

ADA.—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

\$1 per Year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

NAYS—Amey, I. F. Aylsworth, B. E. Aylsworth, Anderson, Carson, Davis, Filson, Griffith, Lockridge, Paul, Riley, Shier, Symington, Thomson, Wilde.

Moved by Filson and Kimmerly that a special committee be appointed, to be composed of the Warden, I. F. Aylsworth, Wilde, Thomson and the mover, to select a suitable place for county poor house, have plans, specifications, and estimates of probable cost prepared, and report at the June session of this council. Ordered laid on table until the afternoon.

Adjourned.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

The sitting commenced with a discussion of the poor house question.

Mr. Filson said it would probably be expected of him to speak in favor of his motion, but he would rather speak after the matter had been discussed by others.

Mr. Symington spoke in favor of the motion, and advocated that the cost to the county for the poor would be no more than at present. Private aid would be forthcoming in aiding the project.

Mr. I. F. Aylsworth spoke against the motion; but was willing a plebiscite of the County should be taken on the question.

Mr. Filson said he was in favor of a plebiscite if it was taken fairly. If a square, fair vote of the people could be taken he would be satisfied. As to the cost and the location of the building he was sure the townships of Napanee would subscribe half the cost of building, even if it was located at Odessa. It was not a pauperism to benefit Napanee that was being advocated. What was wanted was a House of Refuge for the poor, and the people of Napanee did not care where it was located.

Mr. Chalmers, as one of the committee of last year on the poor house scheme, said on making enquiry around as to the cost found one place where \$10,000 had been expended for buildings and grounds, and the capacity of this was about what this county would need. He was in favor of either building a poor house by the county or by private subscription, but not for a combination. He was not in favor of any more committee being appointed, and was therefore against the motion.

Mr. Lane said the back country was, he thought, against the poor house scheme, but he would try and learn what the people wanted if the matter was laid over until June.

Mr. Riley said he had no doubt the Township of Camden was against the scheme.

Mr. Oliver said there was not shadow of a doubt as to what humanity demanded. He did not know that the question had been discussed much in Richmond. He thought the county should obtain specifications and learn what the cost would be. If there was any feasible way of getting on to the right road for taking care of the poor, the county should not hesitate to do what humanity demands.

Mr. Alexander corroborated what the representative of Richmond said. Although Richmond spent about \$600 a year on poor he was free to admit that some of them were very poorly provided for. He thought they should be better kept in a house of refuge.

Mr. Sills, speaking for North Fredericksburg, said \$40 a year would pay their poor account. But they were a provident, careful lot of people. He did not think twenty men could be found in N. Fredericksburg who would vote for a poor house.

Mr. Wilde expressed himself as against the poor house, as he thought the township of Camden would rather keep their own poor. At the same time he thought a poor house would soon become a necessity.

Mr. Thomson said Newburgh had no poor, but he was in favor of a poor house.

Mr. Aylsworth said if help were obtained to cover the first expense, and something of that kind were added to the motion, he would be in favor of it.

Mr. Amey expressed himself as opposed to a poor house at the present time.

The motion was put and declared lost.

YEAS—B. E. Aylsworth, Anderson, Car-

son, Filson, Kimmerly, Lane, Oliver,

Riley, Symington, Thomson.

THE WARDEN'S SUPPER.

The Warden's Supper at the Campbell House on Friday evening of last week was a highly successful affair and one that will go down in the archives of municipal history as one of the most profitable and enjoyable of a long list of social gatherings of a similar character. For years it has been the custom of the Wardens of Lennox & Addington to hold inaugural dinners and let us hope this pleasant social function will never be dispensed with.

The gathering that sat down to the toothsome edibles prepared by Mine Host Hugh Milling was a representative one of the intelligence and worth of town and county, and everything past off as "merry as a marriage bell." The menu provided was fully up to the usual high standard of excellence that has given the Campbell House such a good name throughout the country, and the tables were elaborately and tastefully decorated.

In electing Mr. John Carson to the Warden's chair of the county of Lennox & Addington a man well qualified to fill the position has been selected. Mr. Carson has personal ability, business experience and good judgment that eminently fit him for the discharge of the duties of the office. He has had many years experience in mercantile affairs which has given him possession of a large fund of information pertaining to procedure in the county council, and he is possessed of sufficient firmness of character to see that the rules and regulations governing this body will be strictly adhered to. With such a man at the head of affairs the county's business is sure to receive careful, accurate and sound supervision.

When Mr. Carson sets out to do a thing he does it well and it would be hard to suggest where an improvement could be made in the manner in which the supper was conducted.

After due justice had been done to the good things provided, the chairman, Mr. Fred Ruttan, who filled the position with great acceptance called the meeting to order.

He said all who would be called upon to speak had been notified beforehand.

He then proposed the toast to "The Queen" which was nobly responded to by the guests singing heartily God Save the Queen.

Mr. S. C. Warner, did the honors of the vice-chair and by his witty remarks in introducing the various speakers added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening.

Before asking them to drink to the toast of "our Host" the chairman referred

to the applicability of the name "Honest John" with which the warden had been dubbed.

He could do no better than refer them to the experience of an orange friend

"who had found a lawyer and an honest man."

We had a Warden and an honest man.

Our Host—"Never will the sun arise on such another."

Warden Carson, in rising to reply to the toast, thanked them for the hearty manner

in which they had responded to his invitation.

He felt proud to have them with him as his guests and as there was a long

programme to be gone through with he

would not inflict a speech upon them.

He felt that his lot had fallen in pleasant

places. He had been returned to the

council on every occasion, except two, by

acclamation, and now they had done him

the honor of electing him Warden by acclamation.

Again thanking them for responding to his invitation, the Warden

resigned his seat amid great applause.

Mr. Jewell then sang "The Maple Leaf

for ever" the assemblage joining in the chorus.

"Our Law Makers"—"Age cannot

wither, nor custom stale her infinite

variety."—Responded to by Uriah Wilson, M. P.

Mr. Wilson congratulated the warden on

the high position to which he had attained.

The name Honest John was no misnomer.

The ratepayers of Napanee had recognized

this and had returned him as their repre-

sentative for a good many years, and

now the County Council had elected him

their warden by acclamation. Mr. Wilson

could be received in any of the colleges thirty five years ago. Referring to the warden, Mr. Preston said, he had won his present position by his character and administrative ability and had set an example for others to look up to and follow. He thought that the highest compliment that could be paid him, was given him when he was called Honest John.

Mr. Henry said, if it would not be thought too formal, or too personal he would refer to about thirty five years ago when Warden Carson was pursuing his education in Madden's school house down the York road. From there he served his apprenticeship, in harnessmaking, with Mr. Coates. He had not been favored as some boys have been, but had made the best of his opportunities. He could say that he had never heard of one disreputable word from our present warden. Although not blessed with exceptional ability he had won his way to the top. Mr. Henry said that the educational interests were dear to him and it was gently hinted that they were somewhat dear to some of the ratepayers. He spoke eloquently of our advanced educational facilities and advantages and said that it was not children of the upper ten who were coming to the front in education, but of those whose parents have to labor for their days bread. He regretted that there were a great many people who seemed to forget that there was as much scope for the exercise of their intelligence on the farm as in any other branch of industry. There was something loose when boys with a little education thought it beneath their dignity to work on the farm. Nations had fallen by a swarm of the farmers to the cities. Agriculture was the root of our success, and when it was neglected the axe was laid to the root of the tree. But he was forgetting that bravery was the soul of wit and as a famous American Orator once said: "There is not a man, woman or child, who has reached the age of fifty years, who has not heard it reverberating down the corridors of time for centuries."

W. F. Hall congratulated the warden on the position he had attained. He had been elected to this honorable position for his honesty of character and sterling integrity. Mr. Hall hero went into figures to show the cost, to the average ratepayer in town and county, of maintaining our Collegiate Institute. Putting the average assessed value of the ratepayers of Napanee at \$500, it cost the average ratepayer \$1.29 for maintaining, and 92c. cost of construction a total of \$2.21 a year for the benefits secured from the Collegiate Institute. In the county, putting the average assessed value of a 100 acre farm at \$2,500, it cost the average farmer \$1 a year to support the Collegiate Institute.

Messrs. Jewell and Daly rendered an excellent duett and responded to a hearty encore.

"The County Council" "Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."—Re-

sponded to by ex-warden Carscallen, Filson,

Reeves, B. E. Aylsworth, W. W. Lane,

Atkinson, Wilde, J. F. Chalmers, I. F.

Aylsworth.

Ex-Warden Carscallen was glad to do honor to our present Warden. Mr. Carson had not to fight his way in elections very much but he (Mr. Carscallen) had been a member of the council for 20 years and had always fought for the position. It was a pleasure to him to be connected with Municipal institutions.

Ex-Warden Filson supposed he would have to keep his feet for half an hour to make amends for the brevity of Mr. Carscallen's speech. If he had he would simply stand up and let them look at him as all the speech had been knocked out of him in the debate that afternoon.

He would have to inform the chairman that he proved remiss in his duty, as, notwithstanding his promise, he had not been notified that he was to speak.

A remark that fell from the lips of Mr. Hall had set him thinking about that terrible Newburgh High School. He had taken the part of the school, from his contrary nature, he supposed, because the other fellow had undertaken to show how the school was robbing the people. This year he had asked, not his opponent—for he had none, thank

22 years and there was no place or subject he was more interested in. He congratulated the Warden on having attained the position with apparently such little effort. He referred to Napanee's advanced facilities. "View it commercially," he said, "or otherwise, you can't but think well of it."

Mr. Symington said that if he wished to practice public speaking the row of empty seats that greeted him would not be very encouraging. At this late hour in the evening a man would need to be either very witty or very wise in order to hold and interest his audience. He congratulated the Warden on the position to which he had attained, but he didn't know who to congratulate the most, Mr. Carson or the ones over whom he presided. His fairness, calculating, cool judgment made him an ideal chairman. He was going to talk on a new subject, a subject that should be the nearest our heart our home. Mr. Symington spoke eloquently of the need of home training, as it was there the character was shaped, and wound up an interesting address by a brief reference to the Poor House question.

Mr. Morden said it afforded him a good deal of gratification to be present at the Warden's inaugural dinner. Mr. Carson had gone on quietly waiting his opportunity.

While never surprising anyone by any brilliant manoeuvre he had gradually worked his way up to the position without much effort on his part. An evidence that the place was waiting for the man. Mr. Morden here became reminiscent, and recalled the days of Bidwell and Perry, and referred to Napanee when the land occupied by the palatial residence of Ald. Lowry was enclosed by a snake fence and Dundas street south only boasted of a few houses and a board fence where the loafing boys used to congregate. Mr. Morden's address was very interesting and wound up with a reference to our schools in which the speaker contrasted the facilities of the schools of Napanee with those of his school boy days when the school seats were composed of slabs hoisted up good and high so that the scholars feet came within three or four inches of reaching the floor. He said that one could not help but be struck with the well dressed, intelligent and good looking children that frequented our schools. In this respect Napanee would compare more favorably with any town in the Province. He could say this without fear of being accused of partiality as none of them belonged to him.

Messrs. Henwood, Davis and Daly rendered an excellent trio.

"Our County Officials."—"Hope to joy is little less in joy than hope enjoyed"—Responded to by Mr. Gibson who at this early hour in the morning would not inflict a speech on them. The county officials would bear inspection and compare favorably with the men in other branches of the public services.

"Arts and Agriculture."—"Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I get, that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness."—Responded to by W. H. Baker and I. Parks.

Mr. Baker said the Warden was a gentleman who he respected very much and under his rulings the business of the council would be carried on properly. He referred briefly to agriculture and showed how the interests of the country were largely dependent on it.

Mr. Parks would not make a speech. He knew of one art that Mr. Carson was not overly proficient in. He and the Warden had been out on a little hunt last fall and he found out that the Warden was not a good hand in the art of shooting.

"The Ladies."—"She is strange—so strange—so strange!" "Gentle thou art and therefore to be won"—Responded to by J. F. Chalmers, who said he would ever bless the ladies as it was the vote of one, and the only one in the township that voted, that tied the election in Adolphustown, thereby causing his election.

Mr. E. Sills wished to know if there was going to be another "tie" in connection with that vote.

"God Save the Queen, sang with hearty goodwill, brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

GREAT - Sacrifice Sale!

During this Month

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F. SHAW & CO.

209 Dundas st., Henry Block, Hooper & Doxsee's old stand.

Cost Price on Dress Goods,

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All Hosiery and Gloves Reduced.

Great Sale on our Corsets,

Our Flannels, Blankets and Tie Downs,

See our large Stock of Prints,

Shirtings, Cottonades and Canton Flannels,

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209 Dundas street, Henry Block.

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ESTABLISHED 1871.

CAPITAL — \$1,500,000.00
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Deposits received and interest allowed.
Drafts on all parts of Great Britain and
United States bought and sold.

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NAPANEE TO OTTAWA AND RETURN. **\$4.20.**

Tickets good to Jan. 19th to 25th and
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COD
LIVER OIL

WITH HYDROPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

Palatable as cream. No oily
taste like others. In big bottles,
50c. and \$1.00.

The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, FEB. 1, 1895.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF
THE GREAT MAN OF DESTINY.

He shaved himself for fear of an assassin and took great care of his hands and teeth, but was not particular about his food.

When Napoleon got up in the morning the first thing he did was to bathe, but his bath could not have been very

eau de cologne. His habit of rubbing which Napoleon had, as he said, brought from the east, and to which he partly attributed his health, seemed to him most important. They were not allowed to do it gently. "Harder!" said he to the valet de chambre, "Harder! As though you were rubbing a donkey."

THE EMPEROR DRESSES.

After the bathing, washing and rubbing the Emperor dressed himself. Over his flannel waistcoat he wore concealed a small bag of deadly poison, which he intended to take when captured, but of which he made no use. After the flannels came his shirt.

"Afterwards Constant put on his feet very light merino socks, over which he drew stockings of white silk, kept up by elastic garters; he handed to him a pair of drawers of very fine linen or twilled cotton and a pair of knee breeches of white kerseyemere, fastened at the knee with a small gold buckle. At times, when, instead of shoes with gold buckles, Napoleon was going to put on soft riding boots, he wore very tight pantaloons of white kerseyemere or of knitted cotton. The knee breeches and pantaloons were held up with elastic braces."

He wore his shoes much longer than his feet, and he kept them constantly changing.

"Having put on his shoes and a very thin cravat of muslin, and over it a stiff stock of black silk, very high and broad and with a flap in front. Napoleon put on a round waistcoat of white kerseyemere—a waistcoat coming lower down than the waistcoats of to-day. This waistcoat was reckoned with the knee-breeches at 85 francs by the usual tailor, Chevalier, and at 64 francs by Lejeune, who in 1815 replaced Chevalier. The Emperor changed his waistcoat and knee-breeches every morning, only wearing them when clean, and having them washed only three or four times.

"Careful as he was of his person, he was very little so of his clothes. He

find him. He was not to be judged by any law but his own. No man was ever like him, and it is hard to say that any man ever will be. Deep and human of destiny, and the BARTLET though dead and buried, and admires more to-day than yesterday.

Soloist, begs
for concert
season of

America's Record Did Not Approve
Horror That of Europe.

By and by, however, when the revival in classic studies filled Europe with scepticism, the suspicion of the church was directed against a new danger, till the name of a scholar had almost become a synonym of heretic. From that stigma it was only a step to the charge of sorcery. Not philosophers and alchemists only, but prelates, princes and at least two Popes incurred the suspicion of "black art" by the unusual extent of their erudition.

In 1350 a witch was formerly tried in Augsburg, Germany; and convicted upon the testimony of nineteen witnesses, who claimed to have seen her perform all sorts of tricks in the shape of a black cat. She had been caught crouching over the cradle of sleeping children, who laughed in their dreams in answer to the blasphemous scurrility of her whispered remarks. She had also been seen hobnobbing with the devil and stirring a caldron of witch-broth, but in spite of the strongly supported evidence the judges hesitated for a week before they agreed on the fatal verdict.

Three similar cases were tried in Padua, Linz (Upper Austria) and Strasburg in the course of the next ten years, and upon the basis of those precedents the Christian world soon after appeared to go crazy en masse. Witch commissioners with these posse of bullies roamed from village to village, the jails were crowded with prisoners, who in many cases seem to have lost their wits as completely as their persecutors. Death by fire became the usual form of execution. The terrible name of the Inquisition chamber ardente or fire court would be applied to thousands of tribunals in Western and Southern Europe.

The ghastly insanity reached its culminating point about the end of the fifteenth century, and it seems a merciful dispensation of Providence that by that time the progress of American colonies had opened a gate of escape to the far west. Witchcraft trials occurred in Spanish America and here and there in the English settlements, but on the whole the settlers of the New World were too busy with terrestrial problems to waste much time on the mysteries of supernaturalization. Some forty or fifty thousand Mexicans may have been burned on a charge of black art during the first three centuries of the Spanish dominion and perhaps 3,000 persons in all British North America, for those aggregates are the veriest trifles compared with that of medieval Europe. Professor Hitzig of Berlin, after a careful comparison of all the available records, estimates the total number of victims from the end of the fourteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century at 7,500,000. Gavinet in his "Memoir de la Magie" assumes a much higher aggregate, and Dr. Sprenger in his "Life of Mohammed" may come very near the true medium in computing the total for all Europe and America at 9,000,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Love is the intangible unrest, the quintessence of what should be but is not, the pleasure of pain, the happiness of heartache, the alleged attainment of the unattainable, the folly of feeling, the definition of the undefinable, and about ten thousand million other things we are always seeking, and never finding with any degree of success.

No bird knows what it sings. A choir will sing.

Truth should be tempered by experience.

Some hearts are useless until broken.

The horses can't be successfully tandem to the matrimonial cart.

Cupid seldom shoots his arrow through the centers of two hearts.

Contentment is the pleasant world for us.

One man cannot make a heaven that will fit any other man.

Hope seems to sit down to rest sometimes.

The prettier a woman is the more she needs something else.

Pigeons and Bicycles in War.

Experiments with cyclists and carrier pigeons for transmitting messages are being made by the Gymnastic Society of Rome in

H. G. MILLING, Prop.

This fine and commodious house is being put in thorough repair, and will soon be more comfortable than ever.

The comfort of all guests is the first consideration at this house.

CODIMOUS SAMPLE ROOMS,
lit by gas, on the ground floor, and every convenience for the mercantile traveller. Telephone and telegraph communication.

Good table, and the best of Wines
Liquors, Ales and Cigars.

Farmers will find firstclass stabling for their accommodation, and at cheap rates.

Their patronage solicited. 11:1v

THE - MERCHANTS - BANK OF CANADA

Head Office, - Montreal

Capital paid up, \$6,000,000.

Surplus, \$3,000,000

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T. E. MERRETT,
Manager, Napanee Branch

COAL

Much heat at little cost
when you burn our Coal.

If you have not been a customer in the past a trial will convince you that you ought to have been.

All coal under cover and thoroughly screened before delivery.

Prices as low as good Coal can be sold, at

The Rathbun Co.

Robert Light

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Rough and Dressed Lumber

Screen Doors;

Mouldings,

Bee Hives,

Stairs, Blinds,

Turned Work,

Wood Drapery,

Sash,

and Interior Finish for

Buildings.

NAPANEE, ONT

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

hot water. He stayed in the bath for an hour, sometimes longer. It St. Helena he passed days and sometimes nights in the tub.

"On leaving the bath he put on a waistcoat of flannel, a shirt similar to that which he wore at night (for his shirts of semi-holland at 60 francs and afterwards at 48 francs apiece were all of the same pattern); then he put on his chamber costume, composed in summer of a pair of drawers with feet and long coat or dressing gown of white twilled cotton drawers with feet and of a dressing gown of white duffle. On his head he kept the bandana which he slept in knotted over the forehead, the two corners of which hung down behind on his shoulders. In this costume he worked for a long time with his secretary, and began to dictate letters, or even, if it was a case of urgency, he received one of the Ministers in the back cabinet."

NAPOLEON SHAVES.

The Emperor used to be shaved by his valets, but he finally learned to shave himself for fear of foul play. It was very rare for a gentleman to shave himself in those days. He was obliged to employ a barber on his hair, so why not on his face? When the Emperor shaved Constant held the basin and the soap, while Roustan, the Marmeluke, held the mirror. The Emperor, in a flannel waistcoat, flooded one side of his face with lather, which he splashed all around him; then he wiped himself, took a razor with a handle of pearl inlaid with gold, which had been previously dipped in hot water, and then began to shave himself.

"As soon as the Emperor had shaved one side of his face every one turned round. Roustan with his mirror passed from right to left, or from left to right, following the light, and the operation continued. The Emperor before finishing asked every one if he was well shaved. Cheerful and fond of a joke, he commonly pulled the ears of his valets de chambre if he discovered that a hair had escaped him. His beard was thick, rather hard, and appears to have varied in color; but this is supposition rather than a matter of certainty. Never at any period of his life, except during his very last days in St. Helena, did he miss being shaved. A beard of a week's growth was a phenomenon to him. From the few hairs which we have seen preserved in collections, no decision can be formed as to their color.

"After he had shaved, the Emperor washed his hands with almond paste and rose or Windsor soap. He washed his face with small and very fine sponges, and frequently dipped his head into a silver basin, which from its size might have been taken for a small copper. Such was the washing stand of fifteen inches diameter which was taken from the Elysee to St. Helena in 1815.

"Having washed his face and hands, he picked his teeth very carefully with a boxwood toothpick, and then brushed them for some time with a brush dipped in opiate, went over them again with fine tooth powder and rinsed his mouth with a mixture of brandy and fresh water. Lastly he scraped his tongue with a scraper of silver, of silver gilt or of tortoise shell. It was to these minute precautions that he attributed that perfect preservation of all his teeth, which were beautiful, strong and regular. During the whole of his reign he never appears to have had recourse, except for scaling, to Dubois, his surgeon-dentist, borne on the list for 6,000 francs, and the recipient of a gold traveling case, the instruments in which were for the exclusive use of the Emperor."

PERFUMED AND RUBBED DOWN.

Napoleon was much more French than English in his devotion to the "tub." The desire he expressed for large quantities of water to wash in astonished his attendants. After the washing operations were completed the Emperor with very great calmness proceeded to trim his nails. He had beautiful hands and he knew it, so he took the best care of them.

Having attended to his nails, Napoleon took off his flannel jacket, had some eau de cologne poured on his head, and with a stiff brush himself brushed his chest and arms. The valet de chambre afterwards scrubbed his back and then applied friction to the whole of his body, pouring on it vials full of

splashed the ink about by tossing his pen on the writing table. This did not make him change them during the day, any more than his silk stockings, although he had the habit of rubbing one leg with the heel of the shoe of the other foot when it itched. The renewing of the waistcoats and knee-breeches was a serious matter. Forty-eight were to be supplied yearly, and they ought to have lasted three years, but there was always a deficiency. In 1811, on going through the wardrobe, there were only seventy-four instead of one hundred and forty-four; the others must have been put aside."

THE TOILET COMPLETED.

When the emperor had completed his toilet and prepared to leave his apartments, he took his hat, which the first valet handed to him, in his left hand. This was his famous hat of black beaver lined with quilted silk, which when exposed to the rain got soaked and flopped down over his face and shoulders, but he was constant to it.

After his hat the emperor received his handkerchief on which some eau de Cologne had been sprinkled, then his eyeglass, his bonbonniere and a snuff-box. Of the latter he had a collection of the most expensive kind, but those he used were plain. This elaborate toilet was completed at 9 o'clock; then the official day began. The levee lasted till 9:30, when the dejeuner was served—if the emperor was ready for it, which he would not be if the business was of importance.

THE DEJEUNER.

Napoleon cared very little about eating, which was a source of great unhappiness to his cook, and he cared even less about drinking. He rarely ever drank anything but Chambord, and that mixed with a good deal of water. He had no wine cellar, but bought what wine was necessary for his household by contract when he wanted it.

Napoleon always took his dejeuner alone, except during the very short time between his second marriage and the confinement of the Empress. Josephine never took dejeuner with him, and after the birth of the King of Rome the Emperor resumed his solitary habits, which suited him better. From the birth of his son, the gouvernante of the children of France was ordered to bring the child every day at time of dejeuner. He took him on his knees, made him taste his reddened water, and put to his lips a little of any gravy or sauce which came to hand. Mme. de Montesquieu remonstrated; the Emperor burst out laughing—it was for his son and with his son that he had his only noisy gaiety—and the infant king laughed with him. The Empress was often present, and was amused also at these little scenes."

NAPOLEON AT WORK.

What a boon stenography and typewriting would have been to Napoleon—or perhaps I should say to his secretary! He dictated with a rush that no man could keep up with in long hand, so that his secretaries were obliged to invent a shorthand of their own. Even then they could not always give his words, but had to satisfy themselves with getting the sense of his dictation.

He was an insatiable worker and kept three secretaries busy. He expected them to work as hard as he did, which, not being Napoleon, was out of the question.

The dinner was an important meal at the Tuilleries. The schedule time for it was 6 o'clock, but Napoleon was very apt to forget all about it and it would sometimes be as late as 11 o'clock before he entered the salle à manger. This occurred oftener in Josephine's time. Marie Louise liked her dinner at 6, and if Napoleon did not come at that hour she sent for him. This Josephine never dared to do, but Marie Louise was an Archduchess and did not stand in the same awe of her imperial spouse. Napoleon worked during the dinner hour as well as before and after it. It was then that his librarian came to him to tell him of the new books and to read him translations from foreign newspapers. No distraction, no pleasure, no gratification of the senses prevailed over work. It was no unusual thing for him to get up after having slept for three hours and dictate to his secretary. Then he would go back to bed and sleep for six hours without waking.

The more we read of Napoleon the

carries a small cage attached to his machine, in which are several well-trained pigeons. When important observations have been taken and jotted down they are placed in envelopes and affixed to the birds, which are liberated. In every instance thus far the birds have flown promptly and in a straight line back to headquarters over distances of from ten to twenty kilometers. It is thought that this combination of bicycle and pigeon service can be very profitably used in military observations, and the Indian Army Office proposes to continue the experiments.—Chicago Tribune.

Jews, Not Hebrews.

The word Hebrew now has but one meaning, and that is a dead language. Jews, because we are adherents of the BRO. SIRLY STORE of distinction between us and other of this country.

There is an impression in the mind many non-Jews, and even some Jews, that it is courtesy to call us Hebrews, thus implying that there is some stigma attached to the name of Jew. The Tidings is constantly seeking to remove this impression. We are Jews, not Hebrews or Israelites.—Jewish Tidings.

I want all kinds of grain delivered at Napanee or bay points, for which I will pay the highest market price. I will also pay the highest price for Timothy Seed delivered at our storehouse Napanee.

ff. F. E. VANLUVEN.

Signs of worms are variable appetite
itching at the nose, etc. Dr. Low's
Worm Syrup is the best worm expell-
er.

"We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Sardines, Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene

and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's

why we always fry ours in Cottolene.

Sold in 3 and 5 lb. pails, by all grocers. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Wellington and Ann Streets,

MONTRÉAL.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE

The Great English Remedy.

Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. Or will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Call at the Wood Company, 111 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Says B to A the other day,
While smoking a cheroot,
Let U and I just go and buy
At H. & L our boots;
Says A to B I plainly see
You know that firm quite well,
Their Boots just suit one to a T,
None can them X L.

Says B to A we're now O K
They always fill the bill
For Boots and Shoes they're always up,
The latest styles to fill;
Says A to B its plain to see
Their goods you'll X L never,
Where Haines & Lockett plant a store
They lead the Shoe Trade ever.

We have every facility to lead the Shoe Trade in Napanee, and we are determined to maintain the lowest prices and sell reliable goods.

HAINES & LOCKETT.

4 BIG STORES.

No Credit. Only One Price.



JOHN CARSON, ESQ., WARDEN FOR 1895.

SCORED OFF SANTA CLAUS.



me, but keep glancing down the street all the time. By the way, he must have passed your house; did you ever see him?"

"No; he never passed. He——"
"Must have stopped in at his uncle's, in the middle of the block."

"But, Helen, a man who——"

"Yes, as you say, a man who is really in love is always shy. Poor fellow, I hope he will not feel that I have trifled with his affections."

"O, no; he——"

"O, he never would really blame me, I know; but that dog-like, speechless affection is really very touching."

"O, Helen, I'm so sorry——"

"Yes; I'm sorry for him, too. I really can't tell him of my engagement. Couldn't you manage to tell him gently for me?"

"Why, certainly; I'll tell him right away."

"Do, if you see him. Are you going down now? An' revoile them."

A NEWSBOY'S CHRISTMAS.

He Remembered the Feast and Afterward Paid Back the Quarter.

One Christmas night an old-time newspaper writer stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row. He had enjoyed a hearty dinner, but as the air was raw and cold he wanted a cup of hot coffee. As he took his seat at one of the small tables a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite him. If ever there was gnawing hunger depicted on a human face it was on that boy's, and there was a wolfish glare in his eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said: "A plate of beans."

The waiter also took the other's order. As the writer sipped his coffee he watched the boy ravenously devour the beans. Whispering to the waiter, he told him to bring a plate of corned beef, some bread and butter and a bowl of coffee for the boy. The little fellow stared for a moment, then sweetened his coffee, and, seizing a knife and fork, began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, beans, bread and coffee had disappeared, yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.

"What kind of pie do you like?" asked the writer.

"Most envy kind; they's all good," replied the boy.

"Bring him some mince and pumpkin pie," said the writer to the waiter.

The boy gazed at the two plates of pie in wonderment then looked up shyly and pushed his nickel toward the writer.

"What's that for?" asked the man.

"To pay for de spread; it's all I've got."

Taking a quarter from his pocket, the writer laid it on the boy's coin and pushed them across the table.

"Is them for me?" said the boy, with his mouth full of pie. "Am I to have all dat?"

"Yes; this is Christmas night, you know."

"Yes; I remember; but I have no money fer me lodgin', so I didn't get any of the dinner down at the newsboys' lodgin' house. Thank you, miss. Youse is good ter me."

Leaving the boy to finish his supper, the man passed out into the busy street, feeling happy over the incident. Months passed and he had almost forgotten it, when one day a boy stopped him near

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething is pleasant in taste and is a prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup".

A Woman's Wrong.

Bishop Starkey, of the diocese of northern New Jersey of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has caused considerable discussion by denying to female choristers the right to wear vestments or to enter the chancel. His decision concerns, in particular, Christ church, Jersey City. The rector's daughter, Miss Kate Battin had organized a mixed and surplice choir, consisting of ten male and ten female voices, and had supplied snow-white surplices and caps for the female choristers. Bishop Starkey interposed as soon as he learned of the project. He had no objection to the blending of male and female voices, but the ladies could not be permitted in church with surplices, and could not enter the chancel. In behalf of the ladies, it is stated that similar choirs have been permitted in other Protestant Episcopal churches without question. Here is indeed a horrible example of man's cold-bloodedness and tyranny, which I make a present of to my fair friends among the advocates of "woman's rights."

CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR

Lewis S. Butler, Burin, Nfld., Rheumatism

Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lockjaw

Bv. McMullin, Chatsworth, Ont., Gout

Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walk, Ont., Inflammation

James H. Baney, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia

C. I. Layne, Sydney, C. R., La Grippe

In every case unsolicited and authenticated. They attest to the merits of MINARD SLINIMENT.

Thackery on Happiness.

For my own part I know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly or unwomanly and



Friend—But you didn't find that foot-ball in your stocking?

Young Hopeful—No; ma leut me her's!

Harry's Young Affections All Right.

She had a belief in her charms which never wavered, but sometimes she attested too much for her own good. She gazed upon a friend in the dressing-room at a recent reception.

"How awfully nice you are looking," he said. "Do you know, I just dread go downstairs."

"I don't see why those sleeves are enough to make a bride envious."

"Yes; but do you know if Harry Sweeting is here to-night?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Why, you see, I accepted Curtis today."

"What has that to do?"

"O, dear! everything. I am afraid that he will feel just awfully, and I'm so tender-hearted that—"

"Did you see this morning's paper?"

"Me. Were a lot of bargains advertised? You see, I had a note from Curtis by the first mail. He said he would call in the afternoon and I was so busy getting ready that I never thought of the paper. But about Harry; he has been coming down our street twice a day for the last six months. At first he would just pass on the other side of the street, pretending not even to glance at our house."

"O, he was—"

"Timid? Yes, that was it. I felt really touched by such silent devotion, and after that I would often tap on the window and call him over, but he would be so nervous and ill at ease all the time. Why, he would not even look at

wedding to be?"

"Is Fanny engaged?"

"Yes, the morning paper announced it. She's taken Harry Sweeting at last, and I'm glad of it—I'm tired of seeing him pass every day on his way to her house. Aren't you going down now? I should think you would want to show that lovely gown."

But Helen only wanted to go away into the desert and hide.—Chicago Tribune.

Sick Headache and Constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take sure in effect.

All the authorized school books kept in stock at the EXPRESS BOOKSTORE. Also the best scribblers.

To Remove Worms of all kinds from children or adults Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is a safe and sure remedy.

"How did you like it out there?" asked an acquaintance.

"Not very much."

"It's a good country, ain't it?"

"I've seen better."

"The air is better there than it is here, ain't it?"

"Sometimes it is, but not always."

"I don't see why it ain't as good one time as another."

"Well, it ain't."

"Why?"

"Cyclones."

"I thought they purified it."

"That's what I thought till I tried it, but when I had to breathe furniture and weatherboardin' and bedclothes and shingles and live stock and household goods and farms and fence rails and that sort of thing about three times a week I sort of changed my mind and come away. Kansas may have some advantages, but air ain't one of them as a steady thing."

Manchester's Ridiculous Chief of Police.

The chief of police has recently issued an order prohibiting any police officer to furnish information to reporters on pain of suspension. The situation is not without its humors.

A book agent had just arrived in Manchester. As he walked up from the station he inquired of an Elm street officer. "Can you tell me the way to Hanover station?"

"The officer regarded him suspiciously. "Are you a newspaper man?" he asked.

The stranger hesitated, "I have been," he stammered.

"Then I tell you nothing," replied the bluecoat edging away. "The chief has given us orders not to furnish any information to newspaper men."

"One of the Manchester reporters early one morning discovered a blaze in a pile of rubbish in a back street. "Where's the nearest firebox?" he asked, rushing up to an officer.

"Let's see, you're a newspaper man, aren't you?" queried the patrolman.

"Yes; where's the box?"

"Can't tell," was the reply, "Chief's orders."—Manchester Union.

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comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe! The heart and mind are brought—and reverently be it said—in contact with the creator and ruler and father of all the perfect bliss. Again, with leisure; it is a very pleasant garment to look at, but a very bad one to wear. The ruin of thousands—aye, millions—may be traced to it.

How Swiss Children Go to Sleep.

The Swiss people are very artistic in their tastes and even the poorest Swiss is neat and tasteful in his home life. Many of the ways of the Swiss are as pretty as their fanciful ideas of building houses. A Swiss mother believes that her child will have bad dreams unless it is crooned to sleep. And so, bending low over the drowsy little one's couch, she sings soothsinging songs of green pastures and still waters until the little child has breathed itself peacefully into the land of Nod.—New York Ledger.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Symptomatic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedy effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Paroxysmal, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spasms in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose cures. Sold by W. B. Petter, 49y

The Deer of Scotland.

Of the four-footed game the largest

are the deer. The roebuck is the only

member of the family in a truly wild

condition. His small size, nimbleness and ungregarious habits enable him to wander from one place to another with a measure of impunity. In wooded valleys and within reach of the hills he seems to be well able to look after himself. He abounds in the northern counties—in

Perthshire, the highland districts of

Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire, and is

thinly scattered over the central valley.

The red deer or stag has by no means

the same claim to be regarded as a wild

animal as in the days when the Com-

mons King made his memorable excurs-

ion through the Trossachs. He is now

cooped up in savage fastnesses, with

mountain fences 3,000 feet high, behind

which he only wanders in an exception-

ally hard winter. The "forests" with

which I am acquainted would neither

maintain a crofter nor even reimburse a

sheep farmer, and are simply incapable

of being put to any other use.

In the middle of the day the deer are

seldom to be seen, except by a practical

eye, as they are then at rest and lying

quietly among the rough heath, or it

may be in the shadow of some birch

copse. In the early morning or on the

approach of evening they feed downward toward the grassy sides of the

rivers and burns. They detect the intruding botanist or geologist long before they see him, and by their actions

apprise the keeper that a trespasser is

at hand. The fallow deer is still fur-

ther from the true feral condition and

can only be regarded as an ornamental

domestic animal kept to give

picturesqueness to the park around

the mansion. His grass is provided and

his water is sure.—Gentleman's Maga-

zine.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a con-

sumptive can only be overcome by

a powerful concentrated nourish-

ment like Scott's Emulsion. If

this wasting is checked and the

system is supplied with strength to

combat the disease there is hope

of recovery.

Scott's

Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophos-

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sumption than any other known

remedy. It is for all Affections of

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Cottons.

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A TERRIBLE SCENE!

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE DARKNESS.

Half an hour's rapid gallop had brought Edwards, the valet, to Powys Palace. The stately mansion, park, lawn, and terraces, lay bathed in the silvery shower of moonlight. From the upper windows, where the sick man lay, lights streamed; all the rest of the house was in deep shadow.

In one of those dimly lighted rooms Sir Victor Catheron lay upon a lounge fast asleep. He had remained for about two hours by the sick man's bedside; then, persuaded by his aunt, had gone to lie down in an inner department.

"You look pale and ill yourself," she said, tenderly; "lie down and rest for a little. If I need you, I will call you at once."

He had obeyed, and had dropped off into a heavy sleep. A dull oppression of heart and soul beset him; he had no mind to slumber—it had come upon him unawares. He was awakened suddenly by some one calling his name.

"Victor! Victor!" the voice called, "awake!"

He sat up with a bewildered face. Was that his aunt's voice, so hoarse, so strange? Was this his aunt with that white, horror-struck face?

"Victor!" she cried, the words a very wail. "Oh, my boy! my boy! how shall I ever tell you? Oh, why did I send for you this dreadful night? Ethel!"—her voice cloked.

He rose to his feet, staring at her blankly.

"Ethel!" he repeated. "Ethel—"

She covered her face with her hands, and burst into a hysterical outbreak of tears. Edwards, standing behind her in the doorway, made a step forward.

"Tell him, Edwards," said Lady Helena. "I cannot. It seems too horrible to tell or believe. Oh, my poor Victor! my poor, poor boy!"

Edwards came forward reluctantly, with a very pale, scared face.

It's dreadful news, Sir Victor—I don't know how to tell you, but my lady, I'm afraid she—she's dead."

"Dead?"

He repeated the word dully, staring almost stupidly at the speaker.

"Dead, Sir Victor!" the man repeated, solemnly. "I'm sore afraid, murdered!"

There was a sudden, headlong rush from the room; no other reply. Like a flash Sir Victor passed them both. They heard him clear the stairs, rush along the lower hall, and out of the house. The next instant the valet and Lady Helena were in pursuit.

He was mounted on Edwards' horse, and dashing furiously away, before they reached the court-yard. They called to him—he neither heard nor heeded. He dashed his spurred heel into the horse's side and flew out of sight like the wind.

"Follow him!" Lady Helena cried, breathlessly, to the groom. "Overtake him, for the love of Heaven! Oh, who can have done this awful deed? Edwards, you are sure there is no mistake? It seems too unnatural, too impossible to believe."

"There is no mistake, my lady," the man answered, sadly. "I saw her myself, the blood flowing where they had stabbed her, cold and dead."

Lady Helena wrung her hands and turned away.

"Ride for your life after your master!" she said. "I will follow you as soon as I can."

She went back to her husband's side. He was no worse—he seemed if anything, better. She might leave him in the housekeeper's charge until morning.

She ordered the carriage and rapidly changed her dress. It was about one in the morning when she reached Catheron Royals. The tall turrets were silvered in the moonlight, the windows sparkled in the crystal light. The sweet beauty and peace of the September night lay like a benediction over the earth. And, amid all the silence and sweetness, a foul, a most horrible murder had been done.

She encountered Mrs. Marsh, the housekeeper, in the hall, her face pale, her eyes red with weeping. Some dim hope that up to this time had upheld her, that, after all, there might be a mistake, died out then.

"Oh, Marsh," she said piteously, "is it true?"

Mrs. Marsh's answer was a fresh burst of tears. Like all the rest of the household, the gentle ways, the sweet face, and soft voice of Sir Victor's wife had won her heart from the first.

"It is too true, my lady—the Lord have mercy upon us all. It seems too horrible

there, four hours ago, in her own house, surrounded by her own servants, some monster in human form stabbed her through the heart—through the heart, my lady! Dr. Daney says one blow did it, and that death must have been instantaneous. So young, so sweet, and so lovely. Oh, how could they do it—how could any one do it?"

Mrs. Marsh's sobs grew hysterical. Lady Helena's own tears were flowing.

"I feel as though I were guilty of some way myself," the housekeeper went on. "If we had only woken her, or fastened the window, or anything! I know the monster wherever he was, got in through the window. And, oh, my lady!"—Mrs. Marsh wiped her eyes suddenly, and lowered her voice to an excited whisper—"I wish you would speak to Jane Pool, the nurse. She doesn't dare say anything out openly, but the looks she gives, and the hints she drops, are almost worse than the murder itself. You can see as clear as day that she suspects—Miss Inez."

"Marsh! Great Heaven!" Lady Helena cried, recoiling in horror. "Miss Inez?"

"Oh, my lady, I don't say it—I don't think it! Heaven forbid it!—it's that wicked, spiteful nurse, Pool. She hates Miss Inez—she has hated her from the first—and she loved my lady. Ah! who could help being fond of her—poor, lovely young lady!—with a sweet smile and pleasant word for every one in the house? And you know Miss Inez's high, haughty way. Jane Pool hates her, and will do her mischief if she can. A word from you might check her. No one knows the harm a babbling tongue may do."

Lady Helena drew herself up proudly.

"I shall not say one word to her, Marsh. Jane Pool can do my niece no harm. The bare repetition of it is an insult. Miss Catheron—that I should have to say such a thing—is above suspicion."

"My lady, I believe it; still, if you would only speak to her. You don't know all. She saw Miss Inez coming out of the nursery a quarter of an hour before we found Lady Catheron dead. She wished to enter, and Miss Inez ordered her away. She has been talking to the police, and I saw that Inspector Darwin watching Miss Inez in a way that made my blood run cold."

But Lady Helena waived the topic away haughtily.

"Be silent, Marsh! I will not hear another word of this—it is too horrible! Where is Miss Inez?"

"No," he answered, in the same fierce tone; "they can't bring her back to life—no one can now. I don't want them. I want nobody. Ethel is mine I tell you—mine alone!"

He motioned her imperiously to leave him—a light in his eye—a flush on his face there was no mistaking. She went at once. How was it all to end, she wondered, more and more sick at heart—this mysterious murder, this suspicion against Inez, this dreadful overthrow of her nephew's mind?

"May Heaven help us!" she cried. "What have we done that this awful trouble should come upon us!"

"Aunt Helena."

She looked around with a little cry, all her nerves trembling and unstrung. Inez stood before her—Inez with dark, resolute eyes, and stony face.

"I have been waiting for you—they told me you were there." She pointed with a shudder to the door. "What are we to do?"

"Don't ask me," Lady Helena answered, helplessly. "I don't know. I feel stunned and stupid with all these horrors."

"The police are here," Miss Catheron went on, "and the coroner has been apprised. I suppose they will hold an inquest tomorrow."

Her aunt looked at her in surprise. The calm, cold tone of her voice grated on her sick heart.

"Have you seen him?" she asked almost in a whisper. "Inez—I fear—I fear it is turning his brain."

Miss Catheron's short, scornful upper lip, curled with the old look of contempt.

"The Catheron brain was never noted for its strength. I shall not be surprised at all. Poor wretch!" She turned away and looked out into the darkness. "It does seem hard on him."

"Who can have done it?"

The question on every lip rose to Lady Helena's, but somehow she could not utter it. Did Inez know of the dark, sinister suspicion against herself? Could he know and make like this?

"I forgot to ask for Uncle Godfrey," Inez's quiet voice said again. "Of course he is better, or even at such a time as this you would not be here!"

"He is better Inez," she broke out

The slow words fell heavily from his lips—his eyes went back to her face, his dull mind seemed lapsing into its stupefied trance of quiet. More and more alarmed, his aunt gazed at him. Had the death of his wife turned his brain?

"Victor!" she exclaimed, almost angrily, "you must rouse yourself. You must not stay here. Be a man! Wake up. Your wife has been murdered. Go and find her murderer!"

"Her murderer," he replied, in the same slow tone of unnatural quiet; "her murderer. It seems strange, Aunt Helena, doesn't it, that any one could murder her? I must find her murderer." Oh! he cried suddenly, in a voice of anguish; "what does it matter about her murderer? It won't bring her back to life. She is dead! I tell you—dead!"

He flung himself off his chair, on his knees by the couch. He drew down the white satin counterpane, and pointed to one dark, small stool on the left side.

"Look!" he said, in a shrill, wailing voice, "through the heart—through the heart! She did not suffer—the doctors say that. Through the heart as she slept. Oh, my love, my darling, my wife!"

He kissed the wound—he kissed the hands, the face, the hair. Then with a long, low moan of utter desolation, he drew back the covering and buried his face in it.

"Leave me alone," he said despairingly; "I will not go—I will never go from her again. She was mine in life—mine only. Juan Catheron lied, she is mine in death. My wife—my Ethel!"

He started up as suddenly as he had flung himself down, his ghastly face flaming dark red.

"Leave me alone, I tell you! Why do you all come here? I will not go! Leave me, I command you—I am master here!"

She shrank from him in absolute physical terror. Never over-strong at any time, her worst fears were indeed true, the shock of her wife's tragic flesh was turning Sir Victor's brain. There was nothing to be done—nothing to be said—he must be obeyed—must be soothed.

"Dear Victor," she said, "I will go. Don't be hard with poor Aunt Helena. There is no one in all this world as sorry for you as I am. Only tell me this before I leave you—shall we not send for her father and mother?"

"No," he answered, in the same fierce tone; "they can't bring her back to life—no one can now. I don't want them. I want nobody. Ethel is mine I tell you—mine alone!"

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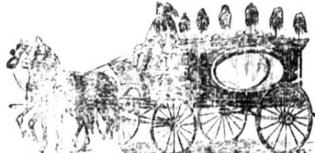
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505 Cass Ave., Henderson Co., Ill., Feb. 3, 1894.

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a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had
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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

CANTON, Mo., Apr. 3, '94.

Dear Sirs—I have used several bottles of your
Spavin Cure with much success. I think it is the best. I have had a horse that had
moved one Curb, and Blood Spavin and killed
two Bone Spavins. Have recommended it to
several of my friends who are much pleased with
it.

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desperately. "Who can have done this? She had not an enemy in the world. Is—is there any one suspected?"

"There is," Inez answered, turning from the window, and facing her aunt. "The servants suspect me."

"Inez!"

Their case isn't a bad one as they make it out," pursued Miss Catheron, coolly. "There was ill blood between us. It is of no use denying it. I hated her with my whole heart. I was the last person seen coming out of the room, fifteen minutes before they found her dead. Jane Pool says I refused to let her go in—perhaps I did, it is quite likely. About an hour ago we had a violent quarrel. The brought it up. Mrs. Pool overheard that also. You see her case is rather a strong one."

"But—Inez—!"

"I chanced to overhear all this," still went on Miss Catheron, quietly, but with set lips and gleaming eyes. "Jane Pool was holding forth to the inspector of police. I walked up to them, and they both slunk away like beaten curs. Orders have been issued, that no one is to leave the house. To-morrow these facts are to be placed before the coroner's jury. If they find me guilty—don't cry, Aunt Helena—I shall be sorry for you—sorry I have disgraced a good old name. For the rest, it doesn't much matter what becomes of such a woman as I am."

She turned again to the window looked out into the darkness. There was a desperate bitterness in her tone that Lady Helena could not understand.

"Good Heaven!" she burst forth, "one would think you were all in a conspiracy to drive me mad. It doesn't matter, what becomes of you don't it! I tell you if this last worst misery falls upon us, it will kill me on the spot; just that."

The girl sighed drearily.

"Kill you, Aunt Helena," she repeated, mournfully. "No—we don't any of us die so easily. Don't be afraid—I am not likely to talk in this way before any one but you. I am only telling you the truth. They will have the inquest, and all that Jane Pool can say against me will be said. Do you think Victor will be able to appear?"

"I don't think Victor is in a condition to appear at an inquest or anywhere else. Ah, poor boy! he loved her so dearly, it is hard to shake the mind of a stronger

Zoe. Catheron was dead silent—it Thursday, her feelings here were as bitter ceased. At even the tragic death of her leaves a softened her heart. He was known an "affectionate" tone. "Men

The Tid worms have eaten them, but a petite." passed, said her aunt, suddenly coming from her. "A rumor has reached me—it is that Juan is back—that he has been home."

"It is quite true," her niece answered, without turning round; he has been here. He was here on the night Lady Catheron first came.

There is another rumor afloat, that there was a violent quarrel on that occasion that he claimed to be an old lover of Ethel's, poor child, and that Victor turned him out. Since then it is said he has been seen more than once prowling about the grounds. For everybody's sake I

could tell him nothing more. "If you wants to find out about Miss Inez' brother," said Jimmy, "you go to old Hooper. He knows. All I know is, that they say he was an uncommon bad lot; but old Hooper, he's known him ever since he was a young'un and lived here. If old Hooper says he wasn't here the night Sir Victor brought my lady home, don't you believe him—he was, and he's been seen off and on the grounds since. The women folks in the servants' hall, they say, as how he must have been an old sweetheart of my lady's. You go to old Hooper and worrit it out of him."

Mr. Superintendent Ferrick went. How artfully he began his work, how delicately and skillfully he "pumped" old Hooper dry, no words can tell. Mr. Juan Catheron was an "uncommon bad lot"; he had come to the house and forced an entrance into the dining-room the night of Lady Catheron's arrival—there had been a quarrel, and he had been compelled to leave. Bit by bit this was drawn from Mr. Hooper. Since then, Jackson, the head groom, and Edwards, the valet, had seen him hovering about the grounds watching the house.

Mr. Ferrick ponders these things in his heart, and is still. This vagabond, Juan Catheron, follows my lady to Catheron Royals, is expelled, haunts the grounds, and a man answering to his description is discovered quarrelling with my lady, demanding money, etc., two or three hours before the murder. The window of the room, in which she takes that fatal sleep, opens on the lawn; any one may enter who sees fit. No one is about. The Oriental dagger lies convenient to his hand on the table. "Here, now," says Mr. Ferrick to Mr. Ferrick, with a reflective frown, "which is guilty—the brother or sister?"

He goes and gives an order to one of his men, and the man starts in search of Mr. Juan Catheron. Mr. Catheron must be found, though they summon the detectives of Scotland Yard to aid them in their search.

The dull hours wear on—the new day, sunny and bright, is with them. The white drawing-room is darkened—the master of Catheron Royals sits there alone with his dead. And presently the coroner comes, and talks with the superintendent, and they enter softly and look at the murdered lady. The coroner departs again—a jury is summoned, and the inquest is fixed to begin at noon next day in the Mitre tavern at Chesham.

Lady Helena returns and goes at once to her nephew. Inez, in spite of her injunctions, has never been near him once. He sits there still, as she left him many hours ago; he has never stirred or spoken since. Left to himself he is almost apathetic in his quiet—he rouses into fury, when they strive to take him away. As the dusk falls, Lady Helena, passing the door, hears him softly talking to the dead, and once—on, pitiful Heaven! she hears a low, blood-chilling laugh. She opens the door and goes in. He is kneeling beside the sofa, holding the stark figure in his arms, urging her to get up and dress.

"It is a lovely night, Ethel, he says; the moon is shining, and you know you like to walk out on moonlight nights. Do you remember, love, those nights at Margate, when we walked together first on the sand? Ah! you never lay like this, cold and still, then. Do get up, Ethel!" petulantly this; "I am tired of sitting here and waiting for you to awake. You have slept long enough. Get up!"

He tries to lift her. Horror struck, Lady Helena catches him in time to prevent it.

"Victor, Victor! she cries, "for the love of Heaven put her down. Come away. Don't you know she is dead?"

He lifts his dim eyes to her face, blind with the misery of a dumb animal.

"Dead!" he whispers.

Then with a low, moaning gasp, he falls back in her arms, fainting wholly away.

Her cries bring aid—they lift him and carry him up to his room, undress and place him in bed. The family physician is summoned—feels his pulse, hears what Lady Helena has to say, and looks very grave. The shock has been too much for a not overstrong body or mind. Sir Victor is in imminent danger of brain fever.

The night shuts down. A messenger comes to Lady Helena saying the squire is much better, and she makes up her mind to remain all night. Inez comes, pale and calm, and also takes her place by the stricken man's bedside, a great sadness and pity for the first time on her face. The White Room is locked—Lady Helena keeps the key—one pale light burns dimly in its glittering vastness. And as the night closes in blackness over the doomed house, one of the policemen comes in haste to Superintendent Ferrick, triumph in his face. He has found the dagger.

Mr. Ferrick opens his eyes rather—it is

my sister's name to call brother. See you she would be alive and well. Do you think I do not know it? Go—living or dead, I never want to look upon your face again!"

Jane Pool hears these terrible words and stands paralyzed. Can it be that Miss Inez is not the murderer after all? The man retorts again—she does not hear how—then plunges into the woodland and disappears. An instant the girl stands motionless looking after him, then she turns and walks rapidly into the house.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE "CHESHOLM COURIER."

The Monday morning edition of the Chesholm Courier, September 19th, 1894, contained the following, eagerly devoured by every man and woman in the county, able to read at all:

THE TRAGEDY AT CATHERON ROYALS.

"In all the annals of mysterious crime (began the editor with intense evident relish), nothing more mysterious, or more awful has ever been known, than the recent tragedy at Catheron Royals. In the annals of our town, of our county, of our country we may almost say, it stands unparalleled in its atrocity. A young and lovely lady, wedded little better than a year, holding the very highest position in society, in the sacred privacy of her own household, surrounded by faithful servants, is struck down by the dagger of the assassin. Her youth, her beauty, the sanctity of slumber, all were powerless to shield her. Full of life, and hope, and happiness, she is foully and hideously murdered—her babe left motherless, her young husband bereaved and desolate. If anything were needed to make the dreadfully tragedy yet more dreadful, it is that Sir Victor Catheron Royals, as we write, hovering between life and death. The blow, which struck her down, has stricken him too—has laid him upon what may be his death-bed. At present he lies mercifully unconscious of his terrible loss tossing in the delirium of violent brain fever.

"Who, we ask, is safe after this? A lady of the very highest rank, in her own home, surrounded by her servants, in open day, is stabbed to the heart. Who, we ask again, is safe after this? Who was the assassin—what was the motive? Does that assassin yet lurk in our midst? Let it be the work of the coroner and his jury to discover the terrible secret, to bring the wretch to justice. And it is the duty of every man and woman in Cheltenham to aid, if they can, that discovery."

* * * * *

FROM TUESDAY'S EDITION.

The inquest began at one o'clock yesterday in the parlor of the Mitre Inn, Lady Helena Powys, of Powys Place, and Miss Inez called was Ellen Butters.

Ellen Butters, sworn—"I was Lady Catheron's maid; I was engaged in London and came down with her here; on the afternoon of Friday, 16th, I last saw my lady alive, about half-past six in the afternoon; she had dressed for dinner; the family dinner hour is seven; saw nothing unusual about her; well, yes, she seemed a little out of spirits, but was gentle and patient as usual; when I had finished dressing her she threw her shawl about her, and took a book, and said she would go out a few minutes and take the air; she did go out, and I went down to the servant's hall; sometime after seven Jane Pool, the nurse, came down in a great flurry and said—"

The Coroner.—"Young woman we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said and did. We want to know what you saw yourself."

Ellen Butters (sulkily).—"Very well, that's what I'm trying to tell you. If Jane Pool hadn't said Sir Victor had gone off to Powys Place, and that she didn't think it would be proper to disturb my lady just then, I would have gone up to my lady for orders. Jane had her supper and went up to the nursery for baby. She came back again after awhile—it was just past eight—in a temper, saying she had left my lady asleep when she took away baby, and returned to awake her. She had met Miss Inez who ordered her away about her business, saying my lady was still asleep. Jane Pool said—"

The Coroner.—"Young woman, we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said. Jane Pool will tell her own story presently; we won't trouble you to tell both. At what hour did you go up to the nursery yourself?"

Ellen Butters (more sulkily).—"I disremember; it was after eight. I could tell all about it better, if you wouldn't keep interrupting and putting me out. It was about a quarter or twenty minutes past eight, I think—"

The Coroner (dogmatically).—"What you think won't do. Be more precise if you can and know your tongue. What

on's family for twenty years. On the night of Friday last, as I sat in the servants' hall after supper, the young woman, Ellen Butters, my lady's London maid, came screaming downstairs like a creature gone mad, that my lady was murdered, and frightened us all out of our senses. As she was always a flighty person, I didn't believe her. I ordered her to be quiet, and tell us what she meant. Instead of doing it she gave a sort of gasp and fell fainting down in a heap. I made them lay her down on the floor, and then follow me up to the nursery. We went in a body—I at the head. There was no light but the moonlight in the room. My lady lay back in the arm-chair, her eyes closed, bleeding and quite dead. I ran up to Miss Inez's room and called her. My master was not at home, or I would have called him instead. I think she must have been dead some minutes. She was growing cold when I found her."

"William Hooper," continued the Chesholm Courier, communicatively, "was cross-examined as to the precise time of finding the body. He said it was close upon half-past eight, the half-hour struck as he went up to Miss Inez's room."

James Dicksey was next called. James Dicksey, a shambling lad of eighteen, took his place, his eyes rolling in abject terror, and under the evident impression that he was being tried for his life. Every answer was wrung from this frightened youth, as red-hot pinches, and it was with the utmost difficulty anything consistent could be extorted at all.

"About half-past six on Friday evening, Mr. Dicksey was rambling about the grounds in the direction of the laurel walk. In the open ground it was still quiet light, in the laurel walk it was growing dusk. As he drew near, he heard voices—angry voices—the voices of a man and a woman. Peeped in and saw my lady. Yes, it was my lady—yes, he was sure. Was it likely now he wouldn't know my lady? The man was very tall, had a furrow-looking hat pulled over his eyes, and stood with his back to him. He didn't see his face. They were quarrelling. Heard the man call her Ethel and ask for money. She wouldn't give it. Then he asked for jewels. She refused again, and ordered him to go. She was very angry—she stamped her foot once and said: 'If you don't go instantly I'll call my husband. Between you and your sister you will drive me mad.' When she said that, he guessed at once who the man was. It was Miss Inez's brother, Mr. Juan Catheron."

Mr. Dicksey was here sharply reprimanded, informed that his suspicions and hearings were not wanted, and requested to come back to the point. He came back. "My lady wouldn't give him anything, then he got mad and said: 'Give me the jewels, or by all the gods I'll blow the secret of your marriage to me all over England!'"

The breathless silence of coroner, jury, and spectators at this juncture was something not to be described. In that profound silence, James Dicksey went rambling on to say, that he could swear before the Queen herself to those words, that he had been thinking them over ever since he had heard them, and that he couldn't make top or tail of them.

The Coroner (interrupting).—"What further did you overhear?"

James Dicksey.—"I heard what my lady said. She was in an awful passion, and spoke loud. She said, 'You will not, you dare not, you're a coward; Sir Victor has you in his power, and if you say one word you'll be silenced in Chesholm jail.' Then she stamped her foot again, and said, 'Leave me, Juan Catheron; I am not afraid of you.' He had heard no more; he was afraid of being caught, and had stolen quietly away. At ten o'clock that night was told of the murder, and was took all of a tremble. Had told Superintendent Ferrick something of this next day, but this was all—yes, so help him, all he had heard.



none is not true.

Inez faced round suddenly—almost fiercely. "And what if I say it is true, in every respect? He did come there was a quarrel and Victor ordered him out. Since then he has been here—prowling, as you call it—trying to see me, trying to force me to give him money. I was flinty as usual, and would give him none. Where is the crime in all that?"

"Has he gone?" was Lady Helena's response.

"I believe so—I hope so. He had nothing to stay for. Of course he has gone."

A nod of gladness, at least. And now, near us I can do nothing more at present we'll return home. Watch Victor, Miss Inez needs it, believe me. I will return to the earliest possible moment to Monday.

Fret the chill gray of the fast-coming Lady Helena, very heavy-hearted. Re I to Powys Place and her sick husband beside.

Evening matters were really beginning to look dark for Miss Catheron. The superintendent of the district, Mr. Ferriek, was filling his note-book with very ominous information. She had loved Sir Victor—she had hated Sir Victor's wife—they had led a cat-and-dog life from the first—a hour before the murder they had had a violent quarrel—Lady Catheron had threatened to make her husband turn her out of the house on the morrow. At eight o'clock, Jane Pool had left the nursery with the baby, my lady peacefully asleep in her chair—the Eastern poniard on the table. At half-past eight, returning to arouse my lady, she had encountered Miss Inez coming out of the nursery, and Miss Inez had ordered her sharply away, telling her my lady was still asleep. A quarter of nine, Ellen, the maid, going to the room, found my lady stone-dead, stabbed through the heart. Miss Inez, when summoned by Hooper, is gashly pale at first, and hardly seems to know what she is doing or saying. A very pretty case of tragedy in high life. Superintendent Ferriek thinks, putting up his lips with professional zest, and not the first murder jealousy has made fine ladies commit, either. Now if that Turkish dagger would only turn up.

Two policemen are sent quietly in search of it through the grounds. It isn't likely they'll find it, still it will do no harm to try. He finds out which are Miss Catheron's rooms, and keeps his official eye upon them. He goes through the house with the velvet tread of a cat. In the course of his wanderings everywhere, he brings up presently in the stables, and finds them untenanted, save by one lad, who sits solitary among the straw. He is rather a dull looking youth, with florid, vacant face at most times, but looking hazed and anxious just now. "Something on his mind," thinks the superintendent, and sits socially down on a box beside him at once.

"Now, my man," Mr. Ferriek says, pleasantly, "and what is it that's troubling you? Out with it—every little's a help in a case like this."

The lad—his name is Jimmy—does not need pressing—his secret has been weighing uneasily upon him for the last hour or more, ever since he heard of the murder, in fact, and he pours his revelation into the superintendent's eager ear. His revelation is this:

Last evening, just about dusk, strolling by chance in the direction of the Laurel walk, he heard voices raised and angry in the walk—the voices of a man and a woman. He had peeped through the branches and seen my lady and a very tall man. No, it wasn't Sir Victor—it was a much bigger man, with long black curling hair. Didn't see his face. It was dark in there among the trees. Wasn't sure, but it struck him it might be the tall, black-haired man, who came first the night Sir Victor brought home my lady, and who had been seen skulking about the park once or twice since. Had heard a whisper, that the man was Miss Inez's brother—didn't know himself. All he did know was, that my lady and a man were quarrelling on the evening of the murder in the Laurel walk. What were they quarrelling about? Well, he couldn't catch their talk very well—it was about money, he thought. The man wanted money and jewels, and my lady wouldn't give 'em. He threatened to do something or tell something; then she threatened to have him put in Chesholm jail if he did. He, Jimmy, though full of curiosity, was afraid the man would spring out and catch him, and so at that juncture he came away. There! that was all, if it did the gentleman any good, he was well-contented.

He did the gentleman a word of good—it complicated matters beautifully. Five minutes ago the cage looked dark as might for Miss Catheron—here was a rift in her sky. Who was this man—was it Miss

more than he expected.

"A bungler," he mutters, "whoever dia it. Jones, where did you find this?"

Jones explains.

Near the entrance gates there is a wilderness of fern, or bracken, as high as your waist. Hidden in the midst of this unlikely place Jones has found the dagger. It is as if the party, going down the avenue, had flung it in.

"Bungler," Superintendent Ferriek says again. "It's bad enough to be a murderer without being a fool."

He takes the dagger. No doubt about the work it has done. It is incrustated with blood—dry, dark, and clotted up to the hilt. A strong, sure hand had certainly done the deed. For the first time the thought strikes him—could a woman's hand strike that one strong, sure, deadly blow? Miss Catheron is a fragile-looking young lady, with a waist he could span, slim little fingers, and delicate wrist. Could she strike this blow—it is quite evident only one has been struck.

"And besides," says Superintendent Ferriek, argumentatively to himself, "it's fifteen minutes' fast walking from the house to the gates. Fifteen minutes only elapse between the time Nurse Pool sees her come out of the nursery and Maid Ellen finds her mistress murdered. And I'll be sworn, she hasn't been out of the house to-day. All last night they say she kept herself shut up in her room. Suppose she wasn't—suppose she went out last night and tried to hide it, is it likely—come, I say! is it likely, she would take and throw it right in the very spot, where it was sure to be found? A Tartar that young woman is, I have no doubt, but she's a long way off being a fool. She may know who has done this murder, but I'll stake my professional reputation, in spite of Mrs. Pool, that she never did it herself."

A thin, drizzling rain comes on with the night, the trees drip, drip in a feeble, melancholy sort of way, the wind has a lugubrious sob in its voice, and it is intensely dark. It is about nine o'clock, when Miss Catheron rises from her place by the sick-bed and goes out of the room. In the corridor she stands a moment, with the air of one who looks, and listens. She sees no one. The dark figure of a woman, who hovers afar off and watches her, is there, but lost in a shadowy corner; a woman, who since the murder, has never entirely lost sight of her. Miss Catheron does not see her, she takes up a shawl, wraps it about her, over her head, walks rapidly along the passage, down a back stairway, out of a side door, little used, and so out into the dark, dripping, sighing night.

There are the Chesholm constabulary on guard on the wet grass and gravel elsewhere—there is none here. But the quiet figure of Jane Pool has followed her, like her shadow, and Jane Pool's face peers cautiously out from the half-open door.

In that one instant while she waits, she misses her prey—she emerges, but in the darkness nothing is to be seen or heard.

As she stands irresolute, she suddenly hears a low, distinct whistle to the left. It may be the call of a night-bird—it may be a signal.

She glides to the left, straining her eyes through the gloom. It is many minutes before she can see anything, except the vaguely waving trees—then a fiery spark, a red eye glows through the night. She has run her prey to earth—it is the lighted tip of a cigar.

She draws near—her heart throb. Dimly she sees the tall figure of a man close to her slender, slighter figure of a woman. They are talking in whispers, and she is mortally afraid of coming too close. What is to keep them from murdering her too?

"I tell you, you must go, and at once," are the first words, she hears Inez Catheron speaking, in a passionate, intense whisper. "I tell you I am suspected already; do you think you can escape much longer? If you have any feeling for yourself, for me, go, go, I beseech you, at once! They are searching for you now, I warn you, and if they find you—"

"If they find me," the man retorts, doggedly, "it can't be much worse than it is. Things have been so black with me for years, that they can't be much blacker. But I'll go. I'm not over anxious to stay, Lord knows. Give me the money and I'll be off."

She takes from her bosom a package, and hands it to him; by the glow of the red cigar-tip Jane sees her.

"It is all I have—all I can get, jewels and all," she says; "enough to keep you for years with care. Now go, and never come back—your coming has done evil enough, surely."

Jane Pool catches the words—the man mutters some sullen, inaudible reply. Inez Catheron speaks again in the same pressurized voice.

"How dare you say so?" she cries, stamp-

ing her foot. "It was at 8 o'clock when you went up to the nursery?"

Ellen Butters (excitedly).—It was about a quarter of twenty minutes past eight—how can I know any surer when I don't know. I don't carry a watch and didn't look at the clock. I'm sure I never expected to be badgered about it in this way. I said I'd go and wake my lady up, and not leave her there to catch her death, in spite of fifty Miss Catherons. I rapped at the door and got no answer, then I opened it, and went in. There was no light, but the moon was shining bright and clear, and I saw my lady sitting, with her shawl around her in the arm-chair. I thought she was asleep and called her—there was no answer. I called again, and put my hand on her bosom to arouse her. Something wet my hand—it was blood. I looked at her closer, and saw blood on her dress, and oozing in a little stream from the left breast. Then I knew she had been killed. I ran screaming from the room, and down among the rest of the servants. I told them—I didn't know how. And I don't remember any more, for I fell in a faint. When I came to I was alone—the rest were up in the nursery. I got up and joined them—that's everything I know about it."

Ellen Butters retired, and William Hooper was called. This is Mr. Hooper's evidence:

"I have been butler in Sir Victor Cather-

FRANK LEAKE

Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read

so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." MRS. G. A. LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

The demand for a pail and tub that can always be relied upon as handsome, cleanly, and indestructable has led to the making
FIBREWARE.

It is as light as a feather, as tight as a drum, and has no hoops to rust or fall off.

E. B. EDDY'S INDURATED FIBREWARE.

INSIST UPON A
HEINTZMAN CO PIANO

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

Heintzman & Co. Piano.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY, 117 King st. West, Toronto.

**The Napanee Express \$1.
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BEST CLUBBING OFFER EVER MADE.

By paying one dollar in advance these two popular and reliable papers will be sent post free to the subscriber's address. Call at the "Express Office" and secure this bargain.

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Only \$16 for a Magnificent Black Worsted Suit, made to order, by Mr. Jas. Walters. It is worth \$25 of any man's money. You can't always buy it at this price; so come at once.

Ready-to-Wear Overcoats

We offer our entire stock of Ready-Made Overcoats at cost. All New—all First-Class—all a Perfect Fit.

The best Ready-Made Clothing in Napanee will be found in our store.

Boy's Suits

We have reduced a lot of Boy's Suits ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$4.50 each, and offer you your choice for \$2.00. These consist partly of two pieces and partly of three piece Suits. Remember, your choice for \$2.00.

GREY COTTONS.

In Grey Cottons we lead. No such values found elsewhere. Grey Cottons at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8c per yard. See our extra special 6c Cotton.

UNDERWEAR.

We are offering our entire stock of Ladies' and Gents Underwear at greatly reduced prices. See our Special all-wool Men's Underwear at 40c. It is the greatest value in Napanee.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

We make a specialty of Hosiery and Gloves of all descriptions. Have you seen our Ladies All-Wool Hose at 20c and 24c per pair? They are great Bargains. Ladies' Cashmere and Kid Gloves at great reductions,

ROBINSON & CO'Y.

Sweet Florida's 25 and 40 cents per doz. at Davis'.

Our report of the Beekeepers Convention is unavoidably held over this week.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boyle was buried on Wednesday. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved parents.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by W. S. Dector, Druggist.—46v.

The boarders of the Paisley House have issued a challenge to the boarders of the Campbell House for a hockey match on Friday, Feb. 8th. The ice will be free to everybody.

Prepare for spring by using Burdock Blood Bitter to cleanse the system and tone the body to vigorous health. Its tonic purifying regulating work makes B.B. the greatest remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

A pigeon with a brass ring around its leg on which was the number "K. 107," came to the residence of Mr. Jacob Roblin, Adolphustown, one day last week. It is supposed to be a carrier pigeon.

From "The Empire," Toronto, Mr. H. W. Rich won the laurels by means of his comic delineations. Indeed he is a humorous vocalist in the fullest sense of the word, an apt mimic, a clear flexible voice, lively in spirit, overflowing with humor. Don't miss him Feb. 6th.

Don't miss the first class concert to be given in the Opera House, Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th, by Harry W. Rich and J. H. Cameron, of Toronto. Reserved seats at the Express Office.

The Empire, Toronto: Mr. J. H. Cameron gave a series of brief humorous recitations, and delighted the more refined portion of the audience by his inimitable mimicry, clear enunciation and pleasing facial expression.

A Cure for Headache.

Dear Sirs.—I have been troubled with headache for a number of years. I started to take B.B. and now I am perfectly cured. It is an excellent remedy for headache and dizziness.

MRS. MATTHEW MARTIN.

Beechton, Ont.

30lbs. light sugar for \$1 at Kimmerly's. Remember our sugars are always cheaper than all other grocers advertise; 4lbs. mixed candy 25c.; our 25 cent Tea is still the rage; Tapioca 5c., per lb. Fine stock Bay Herring on hand.

From "The World" Toronto: That prime favorite, Harry W. Rich in his humorous songs and harmonious recitations was received with exceptional favor. "The Parrott" and his ever popular "He Gets more like his dad every day," were the hits of the evening.

Getting ready for spring. We have something new to offer to spring on you in the line of Sap Buckets. We are making these ourselves and you can depend upon them being made of good material and well made. Call and inspect our stock of sugar making apparatuses.

BOYLE & SON.

Mr. C. A. Holden confidential agent for the Lakehurst Sanitarium, Oakville, for the cure of Alcohol, Opium, Morphine and Tobacco habits, insomnia, and all nervous diseases, will be at the Paisley House, Napanee for the next ten days and will be pleased to give any information regarding treatment etc. All communications and personal interviews strictly private. 9d.

Ringing Noises in the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood.

The G. T. R. are now running Tourist Sleeping Cars with furnished berths every Tuesday and Friday afternoon to Chicago, Colorado, California and other western states, and in connection with the C. P. R. they run a similar Tourist sleeper every Friday night from Toronto to British Columbia and Washington Territory. For particulars call on J. L. Boyes, agent, Napanee.

The Toronto Globe: The humorous recitations and songs given by Mr. Cameron made him the lion of the evening.—Pavilion Music Hall, Toronto, December 22nd, 1893.—The evening of readings given last night in the Queen Street Methodist church by Mr. J. H. Cameron, the popular electioneer, was a great success. The variety of Mr. Cameron's was a tax on his versatility, but he acquitted himself most creditably.—May 9th. 1894.

Open for Engagements.

J. Fred Tilley, Baritone Soloist, begs to announce that he is open for concert engagements during the season of 1893-94. Terms on application.

Canadian Order of Oddfellow for con-

All members of Loyal Legion the season of 1893, are requested to attend the annual meeting of the order, Wednesday evening, the 1st instant.

Annual meeting of the Oddfellow for con-

Every Will be held on Wed-

Scranton Coal

The only genuine Scranton coal Every

found in Napanee is that derived by

Thos. Stewart, coal and grain merchant

foot of Centre st. No gas, no oilers, no

waste. Every ton delivered can be guar-

anteed to be the pure Scranton coal.

Large select oysters at Davis'.

Bay Circuit.

The quarterly meeting services of the Bay Circuit will, D. V., be held at Bethany church on Sunday, February 3rd, commencing at 10:30 a.m. The anniversary sermons will be preached at Gretna church on Sunday night, Feb. 3rd, at 7 o'clock. The public are most cordially invited to attend.

Hymenial.

MARRIED at the residence of Mr. Robert N. Lapum, Wilton, on Wednesday evening, January 30th, at 9 p.m., by Rev. F. Fleming, of Harrowsmith, Mr. Daniel Sanderson, son of Rev. Sanderson, of Michigan, formerly of Wilton, to Miss Nancy Freeman, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lapum. About eighty guests were present. The supper was a number one, and the wedding presents superb.

Examinations Free.

We have enlarged and refitted our Optical department, adding all the modern appliances for examination of the eyes, which our Optician will do free of charge. We can guarantee satisfaction equal to that obtained in the largest cities. If you have any doubt about your eyes, call and have them examined. If glasses delay is dangerous.

F. W. SMITH & CO.
Napanee Jewelry Store.

The New Year.

Finds Hood's Sarsaparilla leading everything in the way of medicines in three important particulars, namely: Hood's Sarsaparilla has

1. The largest sale in the world. It accomplishes

2. The greatest cures in the world. It has

3. The largest Laboratory in the world.

What more can be said? Hood's Sarsaparilla has merit; is peculiar to itself, and most of all, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. If you are sick, it is the medicine for you to take.

Can You Enjoy

A Fairy tale yet? Or have you outgrown the time when you held your breath as you read of the dangers of the prince and princesses in the power of the wicked goblins and elves. Then attend the St. M. M. Sunday School Entertainment, at the Opera House, Thursday next, 5th, Feb. and bring the little ones to revel in the delights of Fairyland, see the real kings, queens and titled personages, elves and goblins songs and choruses &c. In addition a musical programme and distribution of prizes, Christmas tree and the admission is only 15c. to any part of the hall.

Snowbound.

Mr. Wm. Lane, reeve of Denbigh, and Mr. Kimmerly, reeve of Kaledar, were snowbound in Napanee over Sunday, collected money on Monday, and the meeting was rescheduled, we doubt postponed in consequence of Napanee's inability to be present.

Fresh creams, 25c. to 60c. per quart.

Davis'.

Talent Workers Report Progress.

The talent scheme which has been run in connection with the Presbyterian church since last January closed on Monday evening with a meeting in the church for the return of the talents and a report of the progress made during the year now past. There was a large audience in attendance and much interest was evinced in the reports. The meeting was conducted altogether by the ladies with the exception

COAL

Scranton Coal

Don't be misled. This Coal can only be purchased at

THOS. STEWART'S

who has the Sole Agency. One trial is sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that this is the best Coal.

All under cover, and well screened immediately before delivery.

A. R. Boyes

AGENT.

OFFICE AND YARDS foot of Centre st.

MARRIAGE Licenses
Issued by Osgood Hinch at the post office, (application strictly private and confidential.) 5v

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, FEB. 1, 1895.

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c per line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by the "New GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in men or females. Take every recitation of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want much relief and cure of this, this is your remedy. Sold by W. S. Detlor.—6y

\$1.00 at J. F. Smith's.

A lot of interesting local and district matter unavoidably crowded out this week.

—Destroy the Worms or they may destroy the children. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and expel worms of all kinds.

Go to Lawson's for cheap meat. Lamb front quarter, 7c, hind quarter 8c, steak 3 lbs. 25c. Telephone No. 31.

On Monday evening the Bay of Quinte train waited an hour at Napanee to accommodate Sara Lord Bailey and other passengers from Kingston who wanted to go to Tweed.

The fire brigade were called out on Saturday last for what proved to be a chimney burning out at the residence of H. B. Sherwood, Dundas St.

The muskrat case against George and Henry Lindsay was disposed off by Police Magistrate Daly this week. The case against George was dismissed and Henry was fined \$5 and costs.

Joseph Wall, the tramp who was arrested for making indecent advances to several little girls, was sentenced to four months in Central Prison by Police Magistrate Daly on Wednesday of last week.

Any of our subscribers who are not getting their Globes regularly will please notify us, as owing to the recent fire in the Globe Office there may be some omissions or inaccuracies in the list. Call at the Express Office and they will be rectified.

The Canadian Concert Company, gave an excellent entertainment in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the 47th Batt. Band. The attendance was not very large, but all were delighted with the entertainment, which merited a full house.

We are in receipt to-day of a copy of a special edition of Copp, Clark & Co.'s Canadian Almanac for 1895, printed for the enterprising corporation of H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., of London, England, who are now sole proprietors of 'Warner's Safe Cure.' It is full of valuable information and reflects credit on the publishers as well as on the enterprise of the English Company."

J. F. Smith has just received over two carloads of sugar.

DAFOE & PAUL,

Undertakers

EVERYTHING NEW AND FIRST CLASS.

Yes, Madam

We will sell your husband an Overcoat **AT JUST WHAT WE PAID FOR IT.**

The elegant Frieze Ulsters that caused so much excitement at \$7 are now to be had for an even \$5.

Those corkers at \$6 are now ticketed \$4.75.

That \$5 line we sold so many of are only \$3.50.

**BELIEVE IN US,
WE DESERVE IT.**

Badford & Son
THE GREAT CLOTHIERS.

this winter. The snow was piled up "pernicious like" all over town, and in the country the roads were rendered almost impassable. The trains from the east were three or four hours late, and from the west five or six hours, but by Tuesday affairs had adjusted themselves and they arrived on schedule time. For the past few days a large gang of men have been busily employed shovelling the beautiful, and the roads are now moderately level. On Saturday owing to the impassable state of the roads, there was no market, and business among the merchants was very dull.

Lost.

On Wednesday, on Dundas street, a valuable diamond earring. Finder will greatly oblige by leaving same at EXPRESS OFFICE. Finder will be rewarded.

Well Done.

Kingston and Algoma went solid for Mowat. Hart's majority over Smythe is 418 and Conneel's will reach away up in the hundreds. We are too full of joy for utterance, so we will just repeat Deputy Reeve Symington's congratulatory message to Mr. Hart: "Well done my good fellow. Kingston forever, and ever after."

Bible Society.

The annual meeting of the Napanee Bible Society, will be held (D. V.) on Thursday evening, the 7th inst., in the Town Hall, commencing a 8 o'clock. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. A. Leslie, agent of the society. A collection will be made during the meeting to aid in supplying the word of God in all languages throughout the world.

Save The Boy.

The regular monthly Song Sermon will be given in the Western Church on Sunday evening next, by the pastor. The subject of the sermon will be "Save the Boy" and new and attractive music and songs will be given by Mr. Crossley assisted by the choir. A pleasant and profitable evening is in store for all who attend this service. Mr. W. W. Daly will sing a solo during the service.

Ham sandwiches, to order, at all times, at Davis'.

Turn Over a New Leaf.

This is the season of the year when good resolutions are made. Your personal appearance comes first, start now look up your clothing that wants cleaning or dyeing and have it put in good shape by sending it to Parker's Dye Works, Toronto, as work is done well, if done at Parker's. The finest goods done with care. Only skilled workmen employed. Leave orders at Pollard's "Express" Book Store.

"At Home."

Napanee Council Royal Templars of Temperance were "at home" to about eighty of their brethren from Deseronto on Friday evening of last week. The town hall was secured for the occasion and refreshments were served and an interesting programme rendered. The Rev. Dr. McDermid, pastor of the Eastern church, and Mr. Russel, editor of the Deseronto Tribune, delivered interesting addresses.

Gretna Tea Meeting.

Hurrah for Gretna tea meeting on Tuesday night, Feb. 5th. Great preparations are being made to make this entertainment the best of the season. Mr. A. A. Richardson, of Deseronto, will preside and boss the affair, other talent from that town will take part. Some of the best amateurs of Napanee will delight the multitude with vocal and instrumental music also recitations. Eloquent addresses will be delivered by Rev'ds Dr. McDermid, T. Cleworth and F. B. Stratton, chairman of the district, besides some local talent, all for only 25 cents each, so come along and enjoy this grand treat.

A large assortment of cakes constantly on hand. Homemade butter mix cakes, made to order any day, at Davis'.



BY ONE MAN. Send for free illustrated catalogue showing testimonials from thousands who have saved from \$5 to \$9 cords daily. It saws down trees, folds like a pocket knife, easily carried on shoulder. One man can manage it. Price \$100.00 in use. We also make larger sized machines to carry 7 foot saw. First order receives agency.
FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

MILES S. PLUMLEY,
Mfg. Agent, Napanee.

Mr. Wm. Remington, president of the Ladies' Aid, very acceptably filled the chair. The choir sang several appropriate selections and Messrs. G. E. Maybee, Buston and Miss Briggs favored the audience with several solos. But the most interest centred around the report of the years work. The reports telling of the means devised and adopted for raising money were interesting and in some instances very amusing. From \$52 distributed among the ladies of the church, each one receiving a dollar, a grand total of \$100 has been realized since last year. This is more than sufficient to meet the mortgage indebtedness of the church which was the object in view.

BRO. WELLERY STOR must be very gratifying to the ladies who worked so hard for the benefit of the church, and it all adds evidence that if you want big results for three hundred beginnings give the ladies the gun rods.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Lennox and Addington Mutual Fire Insurance Company was held in the council chamber, Napanee, on Saturday, the 26th inst. On account of the severe storm and the inclemency of the weather the attendance was very small. The president, J. B. Aylsworth, occupied the chair, and after a few congratulatory remarks to the members upon the very satisfactory financial condition of the company, called upon secretary to read the minutes of the last annual meeting, which were adopted. The secy, M. C. Bogart, gave a brief outline of the auditors and directors annual report to the policy holders, referring to the average cost of insurance for the eighteen years, being 78 3/10 cent for \$100 for three years, that the company had paid, in losses, since 1882, \$19,576.20. The company's cash assets at the close of the year were \$21,47 besides the residue on their premium notes and the only liability being an unadjusted loss of \$150; that never in the Co.'s history were the finances in a more satisfactory condition than at present, and the policy holders more secure; that the Co. grants the most liberal and satisfactory policy to the farmers, and as a result the company issued more policies in December than ever in the history of the company for the corresponding month. Messrs. J. B. Aylsworth and I. F. Aylsworth were elected directors, and J. Jackson, Auditor, for the year 1895. At a subsequent meeting of the directors J. B. Aylsworth and B. C. Lloyd were re-elected president and Vice-President of the Board, M. C. Bogart, Secy., Treas., and J. N. McKim, of Napanee, and J. F. Brickman, of Camden East, agents of the company.

PERSONALS.

Mr. John Neville, of Erinville, was in town on Wednesday.

Miss Hayes and Miss Murphy of Erinville, were in town this week.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Dr. Ashby is recovering from her long illness.

Mrs. J. Shorey, who has been visiting in town, returned to her home in Lindsay last week.

Mr. Stewart Lockridge gave a progressive pedro party the other evening. An interesting time was spent.

Mr. H. V. Fralick is east on a business trip.

Osgood Hinch was in Toronto on Wednesday, Mr. F. J. Smith was in Picton on Monday, attending the funeral of his nephew, Quinton Tooby, who died on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. McKee, Deseronto, and Mrs. Abbott, of London, have been in town for the past few days waiting on their sister, Mrs. John McKee, who has been quite ill since the destruction of their house by fire.

Miss Emma Howell, of Napanee, is in Belleville this week.

Coun. Wm. Paul, of Richmond, and Mr. Van-koughnett, the Township Clerk, were in Napanee on Tuesday and gave THE EXPRESS a call.

Messrs. Alex. Henry, George Grange and A. T. Harshaw, Napanee, made the Guide a call on Monday.

Mr. J. S. Williams, of Picton, spent Sunday and Monday in town.

Mr. J. Forbes was in Belleville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Neilson, of Wilton spent Wednesday evening in Napanee.

Mr. Rockwell placed a magnificent upright piano in the residence of Mrs. Hooper, John st., for Miss Carrow Hooper.

Mrs. Heck of Brockville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Cowan, Napanee.

Mrs. D. S. Warner, Miss Lotta Warner, and Miss Gladys O'Brien leave for Stratford by train this Friday evening.

Miss Alice Osborne returned from Ottawa Carnival Monday and reports a very pleasant time.

Miss Etta Switzer, of our town, is in Montreal, and is being treated by Dr. Buller, who reports says is improving.

Miss Louise Daly left for Montreal Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caton were visiting friends in Napanee on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Warner were "at home" to a large number of their friends last evening. An enjoyable evening was spent.

B.B.

Purifies, renovates, and regulates the entire system, thus curing croupsy, constipation, sick headache, biliousness, rheumatism, dropsy and all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. It also removes all impurities from the system from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

THIRD WEEK

—OF THE—

Mid-Winter Clearing Sale

—AT—

THE - BIG - STORE

Table Linens and Napkins

Our \$1.50 Bleached Damask, 72 in. for \$1.19	"	50 Bleached Damask, 62 "	"	42
" 1.25 "	" 72 "	" 40 "	" 56 "	32
" 1.00 "	" 72 "	" 35 "	" 54 "	30
" 1.00 "	" 66 "	" 20 Unbleached Linen	48 "	1
" 1.25 "	" 66 "	" 25 "	" 54 "	20
" 75 "	" 64 "	" 40 "	" 54 "	35
" 90 "	" 66 "	" 50 Half Bleached Damask	60 in.	44
" 60 "	" 64 "	" 50 Cream Damask	60 "	44

Twenty per cent. off all Table Napkins

In the Clothing Store

36 Pairs Men's Full-Cloth Pants, Heavy Weights and Dark Colors, to be cleared at

\$1.25

25 Pieces Wool Tweeds to sell at
(These are the best yet.)

25c.

IN THE SHOE STORE.

Great Bargains in Odd Lines (not odd Boots) to clear out before our Spring Stock arrives. Granby Rubbers and Overshoes.

LAHEY & MCKENTY

NEWBURGH.

We have an abundance of snow in this

locality.

The English church entertainment was a

PLEASANT VALLEY

Dear editor, not seeing any correspondent in your valuable paper from our vicinity for some time I thought I would send you a few items. What has become of our for

A THOROUGHLY GOOD MAN.

To the Editor of The Express.

I have received no Canadian news for many years that has caused me



That I am

IT IS A

SQUARE public the
FACT best

Scranton Division COAL

there is in town at the

Lowest Price

Now is the time to purchase your season's supply. Inspection of quality and price solicited.

J. R. Dafoe.

Church of England Notes.

Selby.

Evensong on Sunday evening next at seven o'clock, as usual.

Missionary Meetings. Sandhurst-Gosport.

Missionary meetings will be held in St. Paul's church, Sandhurst, on Tuesday, Feb. 5th, and at Gosport, St. Jude's, Wednesday the 6th at 7 o'clock p.m. Speakers, the Rev. F. D. Woodcock, M.A., and the Rev. A. Creegan, B. A. Collections for Mission Fund.

Parish of Camden.

St. Luke's, Camden East, Morning Prayer and Holy Communion 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer 7 o'clock; Holy Trinity, Yarker, 3 o'clock; Centreville 8 o'clock; St. John's, Newburgh, 7 o'clock; Napanee Mills 10 30 a.m. St. John's, Newburgh, Confirmation lecture choir practice Saturday evening at 7 30.

The offertory collections in aid of the Foreign Mission Fund, which were cancelled last Sunday on account of the great storm, will be taken up, morning and evening, next Sunday, 3rd Feb., in St. John's church.

The Kirkess at Newburgh on Tuesday was a great success. Owing to the bad roads no doubt many were prevented from being in attendance. Miss Wilson, of Kingston, who appeared for the first time, acquitted herself as an elocutionist to the admiration and delight of the audience and may be sure of a hearty welcome whenever she appears in Newburgh again. The tableaux, flower drill and grand national dance also deserve special mention. Proceeds about \$45.

Tamworth Parish.—Missionary Meetings:

Orange Hall, Enterprise, Feb. 4th, at 7 p.m.; St. Matthew's church, Maribar, Feb. 5th, at 7 p.m.; Christ church, Tamworth, Feb. 6th, at 7 p.m. Collections in aid of the Missionary Fund of the diocese. Deputation:—The Rev. F. T. Dibb, Odessa, the Rev. A. Jarvis, M.A., Napanee.

The Toronto Mail: But the treat of the evening was the humorous and vocal selections given by Mr. Cameron. Four times in succession he was recalled.—A. O. U. W. Concert, Horticultural Pavilion, Toronto, Feb. 13th, 1893.—The elocutionary portion of the programme was most ably looked after by J. Cameron, the well-known humorist and elocutionist, his three numbers each receiving double recalls.—Association Hall, April 27th, 1894.—"Queen Street Methodist church was crowded to the doors last evening, the occasion being an evening of entertainment by Mr. J. H. Cameron, the popular elocutionist."—May 9th, 1894.

cert there on Wednesday evening next, Feb. 5th. The VanAmburgh family have been secured for the occasion.

Miss Edna Wilson, of Kingston, is the guest of Miss Hope this week.

Miss Jennie Glenn, of North Fredericksburg, is visiting her brother, C. W. Glenn this week.

Mr. W. H. Scott returned home Tuesday from Kingston, where he has been under going treatment for his eyes by Dr. Bullen, Montreal, and we are pleased to say is hale and hearty.

Rev. McCulloch will preach a sermon to the United Workmen here Feb. 10th, at 10 30 a.m.

Quarterly services to be held in Methodist church next Sunday Feb. 3rd.

Mr. C. W. Thompson is away this week on business in behalf of the Thompson Paper Co.

HE MISSED BILL.

For Which Reason the Sheriff Was Sorry Disappointed.

About a mile and a half out of a small town in Texas I came to a house by the roadside with a man sitting on the fence in front, and I stopped to get some information as to the forks of the road about three hundred yards further along.

"You come from town?" he asked when he had answered my question.

"Yes."

"You meet a man twixt here and thar?"

"A man on a gray horse?"

"He's the one. What did he say to you?"

"Nothing, except 'good morning.'"

"You say anything back?"

"Nothing, except what he had said to me. Why? Who was he?"

"He was the sheriff and I thought mabbe he might 'a' had somethin' to say about me."

"Why, what have you been doing?"

"Notthin'."

"You don't look like a bad man."

"I'm too good for the country. I wish sometimes I was wuss."

"What did the sheriff want with you?"

"Wanted to arrest me."

"Why?"

"I shot at that sneakin', hoss-stealin' Bill McGee last night."

"But you didn't hit him for I saw him in town, drunk, just as I left."

"That's what he was goin' to arrest me fer. He said it was a penitintsherry offense to miss Bill."

That kind of law seemed to me rather funny, in a way and I laughed,

"I couldn't help it," he added apologetically. "The dern gun was loaded with birdshot and I thought they was buck shot."

"And why didn't he arrest you?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Oh," he replied with an earnest desire to put on terms with the official quite apparent in his tones, "the sheriff is a mighty good feller, and when I told him I had the gun loaded now with slugs and a musket ball, he said he'd give me a week longer and he hoped I wouldn't disapp'int him, fer he had too much respect for my famly to have to take the law on me. You say Bill was very drunk when you saw him?"

I assured him that Bill was just about right to be ugly and he shook my hand gratefully as I started away.

The Wrong State.

A gentleman of the shabby-genteel type ambled genially up to the horse reporter's desk and with a confident smile stood their bowing.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the reporter.

"I have here, sir," he replied, taking a small package from his pocket, "a device for saving life, to which I desire to call your attention. I presume you have no objection to saving your life or that of any of your fellow creatures."

"None whatever."

"And I may expect you to give my device the consideration its merits deserve?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"There it is, sir," said the visitor, taking a corkscrew from the wrapper and laying it on the desk.

The reporter threw up his hands.

"Come off," he exclaimed, "that won't go here. This ain't Kentucky," and the visitor with a look of disappointment picked up his device and headed for the

We are glad to state that Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Herrington are improving after a severe illness.

Miss Davy, of Napanee Mills, has returned home after spending a few days with friends here.

A number from here attended the Mount Pleasant tea meeting and report a fine time.

Mr. Ryerson Pringle and Mr. William Fretts, of Hawley, had a race last Tuesday, Will coming out best man. Ryerson will have to feed more oats.

Mrs. Elias Smith has returned home after spending a few days with her mother Mrs. W. R. Fretts, at Hawley.

Mr. Charlie McFall, of Prince Edward, spent a few days with his brother-in-law, Mr. Ryerson Pringle.

Mr. Tommie Herrington is talking of starting for school soon. We wish him success.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Milling have returned home after spending a few days with his sister Miss Mary Armitage, of Tyendinaga.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupree have been visiting friends at Bay Hay.

Mr. Thomas Leech has been over to Amherst Island selling hops.

Mr. Elias Smith sold a fine cow to the Rathbun Co. for the small sum of \$40. Mr. M. Pringle is preparing to build a fine residence in the spring.

Our school is improving favorably under the able management of Mrs. Annie Edgar.

DENBIGH.

The Lutheran parsonage at our village was discovered to be on fire about 9 o'clock on last Thursday evening. As soon as the alarm was given, a large number of able and willing persons were at hand, and doing their utmost to extinguish the flames, but it soon became apparent that the building was doomed and that the only thing which could be done was to save the contents and to confine the fire to the burning house. Fortunately it was a calm night and plenty of men and teams on the spot as a prayer meeting was held that evening at the Methodist church) to carry and draw water, of which there is a scarcity on the premises, or it would have been impossible to save the outbuildings and perhaps even the church from destruction. The church parsonage and outbuildings belonging to the Lutheran Congregation are insured in the London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. for very little (if any) more than half their actual value. The parsonage was insured for \$400. The contents were the private property of the resident minister in charge of this mission, Rev. G. Brackebush, who carried no insurance. Although most of the contents of the house were saved from the fire, many articles are badly damaged, and others, which are supposed or known to have been carried out, are as yet missing, so that the actual loss sustained by Mr. Brackebush cannot at present be accurately ascertained. The rev. gentleman and his family are temporarily domiciled at the house of Mr. Adolph Fritsch, but will in a few days remove to the dwelling adjoining Paul Stein's general store. A building committee will probably be appointed at once, and steps taken to build a new parsonage, as soon as suitable material can be supplied. It is most encouraging and gratifying to notice the general sympathy and friendly feeling manifested by everybody. A number of friends who are not members of the Lutheran congregation, have already volunteered to assist in rebuilding.

We had excellent sleighing during all this month and a large number of farmers took advantage of the good roads last week and went to Renfrew after flour and general supplies. Among them were: Messrs. Chas. Stein, Gustav Stein, Joseph Rankin, William John Erdman Berndt, Edward Petzold and Reinhold Petzold. Chas. P. Stein and Wm. Kerr also went last week to Galetta after a run of millstone &c., purchased by Paul Stein to be put in the Denbigh grist mill. They all came together, and were caught in a regular blizzard, which raged here last Saturday, and were only able to reach Denbigh late in the evening, with teams nearly exhausted.

John Ferguson M.P., for South Renfrew, passed through our village last week on a visit to his lumber shanties in Ashby township. Edward Mackay Esq., of the firm of "Carswell and Mackay," Renfrew, also passed through on his way to his shanties west of this place.

Cause and Effect.

Neglected colds cause coughs, throat troubles, bronchitis and consumption. These troubles can only be cured by the prompt use of Norway Pine Syrup, the best throat and lung remedy in the world.

William Grange. Boys are more or less impressionable and the years are not long enough to wear away these early convictions. If anyone were to ask me to-day if I knew a thoroughly good man, my mind would at once produce from somewhere the impression of William Grange as I knew him in Newburgh. He occupied this place in my regard, even though he is now dead, because for the many years I knew him, I never heard anyone say an unkind word about him, I never heard him speak roughly, I found him always charitable, generous, and a true friend in time of trouble. I respected and liked him not only because he was a universal favorite but for the greater reason that his gentle nature and his sterling honesty demanded my individual respect and esteem. He was a good man. There were no little hypocrites, no shoddy veneer, and no fickleness about him. He was a plain every day friend whom you could confide in as confidently as to a churchman.

Mr. Elias Smith sold a fine cow to the Rathbun Co. for the small sum of \$40. Mr. M. Pringle is preparing to build a fine residence in the spring.

Our school is improving favorably under the able management of Mrs. Annie Edgar.

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That is all I know about it.

The young man who found the halter on election night in front of Mr. Edward Baird's stable, Napanee, had better return it to the owner as he has already seen it in the hands of the person of whom he held the most suspicion. If it is not returned in a few days the owner says he will give Mr. Wesley Huff the wink and tell him to search for it.

Mr. Robert Perry of Morven was in our midst on Monday last.

One day last week Mr. Alexander Quackenbush was cutting wood for Mr. L. Fraser. He accidentally gave his foot a terrible cut. He is improving.

Our school is progressing favorably under the able management of Hugh Mooney, esq.

Mr. John Hamblin, sr., wife and family, were the guests of Mr. John T. Parks on Friday last.

Mrs. Wm. Donaldson, of Deseronto, was visiting her sister Mrs. J. A. Moore, on Friday last. She was accompanied by her mother and grandmother, Belleville road.

Miss Stella Wager of the River road, has been visiting at her sister's Mrs. Newton Parks, for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Valkenburgh, of Napanee, were the guests of Mr. James A. Moore on Sunday last.

On Sunday last Mr. Gilford Post, of this place, attended the Presbyterian services at Deseronto.

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Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

When the system is all run down, and no hope of obtaining nourishment by the ordinary food supply, then take "Miller's Emulsion, the great flesh and blood maker, "the kind that cures" colds, coughs, bronchitis and all diseases of throat and lungs. Every bottle warranted. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1.00, at druggists.